

H. G. Bruce.

305

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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WASHINGTON, D. C. PRESIDENT ARTHUR OPERATES THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION BY ELECTRICITY, IN THE PRESENCE OF FEDERAL OFFICIALS AND GUESTS, DECEMBER 16TH—SCENE IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE. BY STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 809.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

A MORAL RESURRECTION IN MEXICO.

IT is one thing to change a monarchical for a republican form of government, but a wholly different thing to transform the people of a monarchical nation into genuine republicans. The one process may be accomplished in a moment, by an arbitrary act; the other requires years of growth and experience.

Mexico has been nominally a republic most of the time for sixty years, but the monarchical spirit and habits of the people, fostered by centuries of practice, have survived even to the present day, and seem indeed to be interfused with their very blood. The orderly methods of republican government, as exemplified in the United States, are scarcely known in Mexico, where it has been the custom to overturn Constitutions and Presidents, not by the ballot but by the bayonet, and where statesmen have had to fight conspirators hand to hand and foot to foot. A united, intelligent and homogeneous people, imbued with a high reverence for law and public order, is indispensable to a sound and prosperous republic; and such a people, unfortunately, Mexico has lacked. Torn by internal dissensions and victimized by the conflicts of ambitious leaders, she has been unable to maintain her proper autonomy as a Republic. The Executive, not content with enforcing the laws as it found them, has generally domineered over the legislature in such a way as to destroy its independence, while the Judiciary has scarcely been treated with more respect.

Since the tragic death of the unfortunate Maximilian, however, there have been signs of improvement on the part of the people, until at last the legislative department of the Government has had the courage to resist for once the dictation of the Executive and to exercise its proper functions. The outgoing administration, in its arrangements for converting into new bonds the debt due to England, had offended the pride of the country. No question of repudiation existed; everybody was for paying the debt in full; but some of the conditions were inexcusably humiliating, and the Congress, usually subservient to the dictation of the Executive, was found to contain some spirits brave enough to remonstrate in the name of the national patriotism. It has long been held tantamount to political death for a member of Congress to resist the will of the Executive; and the greatest astonishment was felt when Diaz Miran, scarcely twenty-six years of age, almost unknown, without fortune or friends, rising to speak, began with the words: "I rise to sacrifice ambition to honor. I abandon all hopes of entering Congress again rather than support what will be the ruin of my country." He drew a touching picture of the present unhappy situation of the country, with treasury empty, soldiers unpaid, and want of confidence everywhere; and then he denounced with passionate eloquence the clause of the agreement with England which sacrificed thirteen millions of the proposed new bonds to pay the expenses of the conversion of the other seventy millions, and the other provision that the new bonds should bear the revenue stamp of England.

The administration at first regarded Diaz Miran with contempt as a foolish rebel against authority, but his example proved contagious, and after a long and exciting struggle he succeeded in postponing the consideration of the subject until the inauguration of the new President, Porfirio Diaz, on the first of the present month. The Administration was completely worsted, the independence of Congress vindicated, and the country, it is to be hoped, set upon a new career of prosperity and honor.

OUR IMPERIAL CITY.

NEW YORK is a large city in population, and a great city in wealth; but the real attestation of its splendid power lies in the details of its commerce. The annual report of the Chamber of Commerce makes a magnificent showing, giving to this city an importance rivalled by no American State, and equalled by only three or four of the largest nations of the world. Within ten miles of Union Square is a population surpassing that of all the rest of the State of New York; surpassing the population of any other State of the Union, except Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois; surpassing that of the ten smallest States lumped together!

But the commercial record of the city for a year is even more remarkable. For instance, of sugar and molasses the whole country imported \$103,863,292 worth, of which \$62,608,106 came through the Port of New York. In manufactured fabrics the showing is even more striking: Silks, \$31,638,973, out of \$36,673,646; woollens, \$33,428,025, out of \$40,592,889; cottons, \$25,580,202, out of \$29,074,626. The total imports of coffee were \$49,686,705, of which New York obtained \$39,428,050. The total foreign imports for the last fiscal year aggregated \$705,123,955, of which nearly five-sevenths, or \$486,255,355 was imported here. The country's total exports were \$775,190,487 worth; and of this a reduced proportion, \$363,055,394, was exported from this port.

The record further shows that of all exports and imports, five-sixths are carried in foreign vessels, which should be a cause of fervent gratitude. As long as the carrying trade is subject to such competition that it must be done at a loss, or at a profit of only one or two per cent. on the investment, we Americans ought to congratulate each other that we have something better to do, and hand the business over, as a gentleman does his baggage, to any humble porter who is willing to do it for a porter's fee.

THE NEW YORK SENATORIAL CONTEST.

THE election of a Senator of the United States from the foremost State in the Union is naturally a subject of general interest, and it is not surprising that the progress of the contest is watched with close attention. The politicians, of course, are especially solicitous, manifesting the greatest activity in arranging combinations and deals, involving a *pro rata* distribution among themselves of the honors and emoluments of high grade office for the coming four years. It would seem reasonable that the State Legislature and the people should be consulted as to the proper man for United States Senator from New York before the question should be dismissed as finally and irrevocably settled; but the partisan managers are never governed by reason when it antagonizes their personal interests.

Taking a non-partisan view of the subject, it would appear that the Senators from this imperial State should bear something of the relation in intellect and eminence, compared with those from newer and smaller States, that New York bears to Delaware or Rhode Island, to Oregon or Nevada. As in litigation, great interests are represented by great lawyers, so public interests of great magnitude should be watched over by great men. Judged by this higher standard, but few men have risen to that intellectual altitude and that eminent distinction which the standard requires. Mr. Conkling, as an intellectual force, has perhaps no superior in the State, if, indeed, in the United States. But this professionally absorbed lawyer, to say nothing of his defects, neither seeks nor can he secure the Senatorship at this time. Mr. Evarts fills the ideal of a large-minded, learned, incorruptible Senator, but this eminent lawyer and statesman has not the distinguished consideration of the breezy politicians and scheming office-holders who have charged themselves with the choice of Senator in advance of legislative action.

Taking the indications as they stand at present, the Senatorial prize is probably more likely to be won by Levi P. Morton, the present popular American Minister to France, than by any other aspirant. Mr. Morton is supported by Silas B. Dutcher, Anson G. McCook, Thomas C. Platt, William H. Robertson, and other influential Republican leaders in the Legislature and throughout the State. As a practical business man he is generally supported by the solid business men of the city. Mr. Morton is a well-poised, socially-accomplished gentleman. He has prudently managed with increasing success large private interests. He has served with ability and distinction two years in the Lower House of Congress. He was tendered, but declined, a place in President Garfield's Cabinet. He was the choice of many New York delegates for the Vice-Presidency with Grant or Garfield, but gave way in the interest of General Arthur. Having the best chances now for the Senatorship, he is openly and frankly a candidate; is in the fight to the finish, and is not hampered by the contingent candidacy of anybody else. Mr. Morton's friends report that a majority of the members of the State Legislature have already promised him their cordial support. This, perhaps, may be premature. But if his election is to be the solution of the Senatorial problem, New York will have a Senator who can guard well her business and financial interests, who can represent fitly her best social elements and whose rock-like integrity can withstand the assaults of those whose sole purpose in politics is to plunder and steal.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PROGRESS.

THE Pope, in replying recently to an address of the students of the American College at Rome, expressed the great affection he felt for the American clergy, and his high gratification at the remarkable progress made by Roman Catholicism in the United States and elsewhere. The Roman Pontiff, though deprived of temporal rank as a sovereign, may well feel elated at the present outlook for his Church. In Germany the obnoxious Falk laws, which discriminated so severely against Catholics, have been within a few days practically abrogated. Protestant Prussia is only nominally Christian, and in it the very profession of religion has almost died out; while in the Rhineland and South Germany the Catholic churches are crowded with devout worshippers. A lukewarm Protestantism, almost submerged in the negative theology of Strauss and other Rationalists, is but illy prepared to resist the encroachments of a Church whose perfection of organization is only equalled by its aggressiveness and its claim to a perfect and unquestioning obedience. Though Protestant Germany has had Neander, Ullman, Julius Muller, Tholuck, and many other eminent men to do battle for the truth in recent years, she has had only one Luther, a Reformer and an organizer; but it is quite safe to affirm that, even at present, Roman Catholicism has a score of men who are just as zealous as Xavier and Loyola,

with a talent for organization fully equal to that of the famous founder of the Society of Jesuits. In England the Oxford movement, instead of having spent its force, is still powerfully manifesting itself; until now the Evangelicals in the Church of England scarcely know whether to regard a High Church Ritualistic priest as a Jesuit in disguise, or a Jesuit as a Ritualist full fledged. In Italy, of course, the Church is losing ground, and in France it has had but little influence for years except in rural sections. In Austria and Spain it still holds its own, and in America all that can be said is, that it has claimed no more than would be warranted by the increase of the Roman Catholic population by births and emigration.

LAW AND ORDER.

THE American people have long deluded themselves with the notion that to effect the cure of any evil it was sufficient to secure the passage of a legislative statute against it. The period of this delusion is ending. The carnival of crime proves that the enforcement of laws already enacted is as important as their enactment. In relation to the liquor traffic, it was for a long time felt that a prohibitory law would put a stop to all illegal sales. But it is now well known that it is as important and far more difficult to enforce the existing laws against liquor dealers than to pass these laws. At the present we believe it is more important to execute present laws than to attempt to make others, and perhaps better laws. This sentiment, we feel sure, prevails in all the more popular States of the Union.

In many cities and States this sentiment is manifested in associations bearing the names of Law and Order Leagues. Boston, Cambridge, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, Milwaukee and scores of other cities have organizations of this character. A National League also exists, of which Congressman Long, of Massachusetts, is president, and whose officers include George Bonney, of Chicago; General Howard, of Omaha, and Lyman Abbott, of New York. These associations are composed of gentlemen representing every variety of temperance opinion. While constitutional and statutory prohibitionists are thus enrolled, many license men are also members. Total abstainers and those who are not total abstainers thus co-operate. The society has no relation to merely political movements. Its one purpose is to execute the law. As a body, the liquor-dealers are notorious for not observing the requirements of their licenses. These provisions usually embody prohibitions against selling to minors and to persons already intoxicated, against selling after twelve o'clock midnight, and on Sunday. It is notorious that these prohibitions are constantly evaded. In compelling dealers to obey these requirements the Law and Order League has won some very notable successes.

In Chicago the League has in the last year prosecuted nearly a thousand dealers upon more than a thousand charges. The large proportion were convicted. One in every seven of the liquor-dealers of Chicago were in this single year found guilty of breaking the law. In Boston, under the efficient secretary of the National and Massachusetts League, the more notorious of the law-breaking saloons have been forced to suspend business. The "schoolhouse law" forbidding the opening of a drinking-place within four hundred feet of a schoolhouse, has been enforced. In many small towns in States so far removed from each other as Massachusetts, Michigan and Wisconsin, these Leagues have secured the execution of the law.

This "Law and Order" movement is so admirable in purpose and method for the enforcement of one variety of laws, that its scope should be broadened. It should be enlarged to include other offences which threaten the body politic and social. In such an endeavor all citizens who simply desire that the public laws be obeyed, could and should co-operate. The method is simple, the means available, and the purpose philanthropic. Such an organization, it is reported, is already being formed in Connecticut. The results of its efforts for the maintenance of social order will be awaited with general interest.

A POET LAUREATE.

PROBABLY not less than four thousand poets read with quickly palpitating hearts and jealous admiration the account of the crowning of a Kentuckian, Robert Morris, as Poet Laureate of the Masonic fraternity in the Central Temple of the Order in this city one day last week. The crown of laurel was laid on the poet's brow by the oldest Past Grand Master present, and, amid much applause, the best known production of the laureate was recited: "We meet upon the level and we part upon the square." We are enabled to state that no pension or other financial tribute goes with the wreath, and Mr. Morris must be content with being the only favorite of the muses ever crowned by the Order excepting Robert Burns. The idea of the ceremony is a good one, and if Mr. Morris should like the business of poet-laureate, there will doubtless be other applicants. The author of that pathetic song, "Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother," ought to get the evergreen coronet from some Order or society interested in the matter referred to in the request, while the bulging brow of genius whence sprang the immortal lyric "Beautiful Snow" ought to wear the symbol of Euterpe, conferred by the grateful hand of the Weather



Bureau. Indeed, as long as the luxury doesn't cost anything, we might as well have a National Poet Laureate, and have him annually crowned in Washington.

#### THE INCREASE IN WINE PRODUCTION.

IT is not a new problem, but a remarkable expansion of an old one, with which the Prohibitionists are confronted in the enormous wine crop of the present year in the United States. It is estimated by those familiar with the subject, and who are thoroughly well-informed, at nothing less than thirty million gallons, or more than two quarts of native wine for every man, woman and child in the country. At this rate of progress in production it is entirely within the bounds of reasonable assumption to prognosticate that in the very near future we will be the greatest wine-producing country in the world.

In 1870 the production of native wine was only 3,000,000 gallons, as against 9,000,000 gallons imported. This year the importation is estimated at 5,000,000 gallons, thus showing the rapid rate at which our homemade is superseding the foreign article. Already we have 3,000 acres planted in grapes, capable, when fully developed, of producing not less than 75,000,000 gallons a year. An authority on the subject has recently said that "California is the Italy of the New World," and that it has an area greater than that of Italy, or Great Britain and Ireland, and scarcely less than that of France, Spain, Austria or Germany. And California is but a small part of our wine-growing territory, for, in addition to the Pacific Slope, there is the Piedmont Slope, comprising the table lands between the Alleghany Mountains and the Blue Ridge, including the States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, and this second district is spoken of as the coming Bordeaux of America. A third section, includes Indian Territory, with parts of New Mexico, Arizona, Arkansas and Kansas. There are, still in addition to these three great stretches of land naturally adapted to wine-growing, lesser districts in New York, Ohio, Missouri and elsewhere. In fact, the outlook indicates that a decade hence, wine will flow like water in this country, and it is a serious question, about which honest differences of opinion exist, and which time alone may determine, as to whether this outpouring of cheap native wines, will not be a help rather than a hindrance to the real cause of temperance as opposed to prohibition.

#### A VICTIM OF CIRCUMLOCUTION.

THE Circumlocution Office of England's great novelist finds its counterpart in the way some of the business in this Government is attended to—or, more properly, in the way attention to it is procrastinated and put off and handed down as a legacy for the future. An example of this is found in the case of "Uncle" Silas Savage, who recently died in Hartford, Conn., at the age of eighty-eight years. He was one of the French spoliation claimants, and for more than half a century has sought for a settlement with the Government, only to die a pauper and be buried at the city's expense. His father, who was an arms manufacturer in Middletown, Conn., had four ships belonging to him confiscated at a West Indian port, at the time when European nations had established an embargo against Napoleon. By inheritance and purchase "Uncle" Silas secured the entire interest of his father in the spoliation claim; the principal being \$175,000, and, with interest added, amounting to more than \$2,000,000. He refused to part with his claim to any speculator, or to take any other course than that of a straightforward citizen with a claim clearly proven and of undoubted validity. He appealed to each Congress in turn for relief, only to meet with a new disappointment, and had in possession, together with all the papers in the case, correspondence on the subject with Presidents of the United States, from Martin Van Buren to Chester A. Arthur. For eighteen years preceding his death he was an inmate of the Hartford Almshouse. Had his legitimate claim been a corrupt job intended to swindle tax-payers and rob the Treasury, skillfully engineered by expert lobbyists and advocated by Congressmen with an eye to their own financial betterment, the chances would have been vastly larger that he would have been successful—that instead of being a pauper he would have been a monopolist prince, and, dying, would have been eulogized as a model philanthropist.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Congo Conference is approaching the conclusion of its labors. The statutes relating to navigation on the Congo and Niger Rivers have been adopted; but at this writing the question of the neutralization of the Congo country is still undecided. Both England and Italy have recognized the International African Association. Meanwhile, Germany is pushing her commercial and industrial enterprises on the West African coast, and it is said that the Germans in Angola Pequana are organizing an administration. Prince Bismarck's Parliamentary experiences, of late, have been neither triumphant nor agreeable. Last week the opposition party in the Reichstag took what looked like a revenge for the Government's recent refusal of daily pay to the Deputies. A motion being made to create a second directorship in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, Prince Bismarck spoke, justifying its passage. He reminded the House that since 1877 he had only been enabled to continue in office by the law providing him with a substitute. "I have sacrificed my health and my strength," he said, "in the service of the Emperor and the Fatherland. Do not refuse me what is necessary to the best interest of the service." Notwithstanding this plaintive appeal, the motion was lost by a vote of 141 negatives to 119 affirmatives. It is stated that Bismarck will now take a rest from his public duties.

The trial of eight anarchists, for plotting to blow up the Neiderwald monument and kill the Emperor William last Summer, was held last week. The principal conspirator, Reinsdorf, who is a man of courage and dignified bearing, confessed his complicity in the plot to assassinate the Emperor, and referred in a vehement manner to the condition of the working classes. At the present writing, judgment has not been pronounced.

The slow progress of General Wolseley's Nile expedition causes some uneasiness in London; some military experts think it unlikely that he will reach Khartoum much before March. The commander himself, however, reports that the boats are fulfilling his best expectations, and that his men are in good health. Stories of General Gordon's successful fights with the Arabs are renewed.

A panic was occasioned on the Vienna bourse last week by the discovery of enormous deficits in the accounts of the director of the security department of the Lower Austrian Discount Bank. The director subsequently committed suicide, but a suspected accomplice has been arrested. Several large failures followed the announcement of the bank's deficit.

A number of ironclads and torpedo-boats will soon reinforce

Admiral Courbet's fleet in Tonquin, and it is believed in some quarters that the Chinese intend to risk a naval battle. General Briere de l'Isle reports another fight near Chu, in Tonquin, resulting in the dispersal of two or three thousand Chinese, and a loss of twenty-four men on the part of the French.

In the latest dynamite outrage mysteriously inflicted upon London, the disparity between the evident magnitude of the plot and the amount of actual damage accomplished was even more striking than in previous attempts of the kind. A little before six o'clock on the evening of the 13th instant, a terrible explosion occurred under one of the arches of the London Bridge, towards the Southwark end. It happened that at that hour, it being Saturday evening, when the shops close early, the bridge was not thronged as usual, and nobody was injured, beyond a few persons being knocked down by the shock. The only damage done was the breaking of windows in the warehouses along the river front, the twisting of a few lamp-posts on the bridge, and the cracking of one or two stones. Nevertheless, experts believe that at least fifty pounds of dynamite were used. The Common Council of London has offered a reward of £5,000 for the discovery of the conspirators. As yet there is no clew, save that a short time before the explosion three men, one of them carrying a mysterious parcel, hired a boat at Queenhithe, on the Thames, and did not return with it. The London Times, as usual, concludes that the outrage will be traced to a transatlantic agency.

The protectionist agitation in France is increasing; in some of the departments the farmers are organizing for the election of Senators distinctively pledged to the defense of their interests.—The French authorities in Saigon are apparently disposed to pick a quarrel with the Siam Government concerning the question of the Siam-Tonquin frontier. The Siamese are greatly alarmed.—The overthrow of the royal authority in Cambodia by forcible French intervention is said to be complete. The King was forced to sign at the point of the bayonet a treaty placing his domains under French protection.

The future of the State of Nevada is a political problem of no easy solution. Expectations based upon its supposed mining wealth have not been realized, and agriculturally it is also a partial failure. It is continually losing population, and its last Presidential vote of 13,000 was less by 5,000 than the vote of 1880. It seems absurd that so small a population should have two votes in the Senate and be obliged to maintain the costly machinery of a State Government.

The terms of the proposed treaty between the United States and Nicaragua have provoked unfavorable comments in England. The English critics claim that it is a direct violation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and that it presents even a more distinct violation of it than was contemplated by Mr. Blaine when Secretary of State. It is also averred that a "navigable highway between two oceans is not a petty matter of sale and barter between a couple of States." That is a question which is yet to be determined.

RECENT publications show that 718 suits for divorce are now pending in the courts of Philadelphia. In Chicago, 674 similar suits are awaiting decision. The Philadelphia newspapers are greatly startled by the figures, and insist that something should immediately be done to make divorce far less easy and to make remarriage far more difficult. Undoubtedly the evil is one of growing proportions generally throughout the country, and it is not difficult to see that, unless it is speedily checked, a wholesale subversion of public morals must ensue.

THERE are some indications that the President-elect is disposed to select his own Cabinet without any help at all from the newspapers or politicians who are so eagerly offering their assistance. He is apparently taking pains to inform himself thoroughly as to all the facts which should govern his selections, and while he welcomes advice from the well-intentioned, it is obvious that he does not mean to give way to partisan pressure in cases where his convictions have been deliberately formed. He cannot, of course, defy the clearly expressed sentiment of the party, but that sentiment will be quite likely to fall into the channel he wishes when it once becomes clear that he cannot be driven or persuaded to obey the mandates of selfish cliques and cabals.

THERE are indications that Western agriculturists are about to bring such pressure to bear upon the State legislatures that the railroad companies will be compelled to reduce their freight charges to the end that some of the existing burdens upon farming interests may be lightened. The new members of the Minnesota Legislature, it is said, were pledged before their election to vote for lower railroad freight rates, and in Kansas as well as elsewhere, the popular attitude towards these corporations is represented as inimical in the extreme. The East has a direct interest in this subject, for high rates of freight of course increase the cost of living. This increase must come, however, from keeping up the prices of cereals and other produce in the Western distributing markets for one of the disturbing factors in the present financial situation is the "cutting" of freight rates from Chicago to the Atlantic seaboard by the railroads which are so eagerly competing for the comparatively scanty traffic.

It seems probable that the coal combination is to be broken. The Pennsylvania companies can produce about 50,000,000 tons a year, but in seven months they produce enough for the year's supply. They have for some time past combined and kept up the price of coal by limiting the production; but there are now indications that some of the companies are disposed to sever their connection with the combination and mine as much coal as they can, trusting to the increased carrying trade on their railroads to more than make good any loss from the decline in the value of the product, which would inevitably attend such action. Mr. Vanderbilt is said to favor this course, and it is gratifying to observe that there has not only been in some cases a decline of one dollar a ton, but that a much greater reduction is likely to be made in the near future. The coal combination, it is averred, has compelled the consumer to pay two dollars a ton more for coal for some time past than it was really worth, and this overcharge has, of course, been especially onerous in the case of the indigent.

THE famous old bell of the Philadelphia State House, which on the Fourth of July, 1776, "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," and which now hangs, cracked and superannuated, in the Independence Hall, figured very prominently as an historic relic during the Centennial Exposition of 1876. New Orleans, anxious to have all the regulation attractions for her World's Fair, lately asked that the bell might be lent to her. What! lend the old Liberty Bell, which is as dear to the heart of the Quaker City as is the marble doorstep, or William

Penn's house? No, it could not be done! But the New Orleans managers persisted, and forwarded an eloquent petition conveying the impression that without the bell the great Cotton Centennial Exposition would be a flat failure, and community of feeling between North and South out of the question. The City Fathers of Philadelphia thereupon reconsidered their stern decree, and after a solemn discussion have finally adopted a resolution recommending that the persons in charge be authorized to take down the bell, and directing the joint committee appointed to attend the fair to take charge of the bell and hand it over to the authorities of New Orleans. Should any earthquake, plague, or other dire calamity visit Philadelphia during the next few months, people will know to what cause to attribute it.

IN the refined seclusion of Oak Knoll, in Danvers, amidst "a universe of sky and snow," Friend John G. Whittier received, on the 17th inst., the personal congratulations of many friends, and tokens of remembrance from others who were at a distance. The occasion was his seventy-seventh birthday. But it is only by the conventional count of the almanac that the gentle Quaker poet is a septuagenarian. The sweet fountain of his poetic fancy, if less exuberant than of old, is as fresh and pure as ever, while its earlier outpourings grow more precious with the lapse of time. Whenever and wherever Whittier's name is mentioned, it is with a certain tenderness, and Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke for thousands when he penned this description of his venerable friend:

"Whose heart-throbs of verse through our memories thrill,  
Like a breath of the wood, like a breeze from the hill—  
So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure?  
We hear but one strain, and our verdict is sure.  
Thee cannot elude us, no further we search—  
'Tis holy George Herbert, cut loose from the Church!"

EVERY consideration of sound policy demands that the Bill for the protection of the forests on the public domain, introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Miller, of New York, should be promptly passed. Its main provisions are that all the unreserved public lands of the United States embracing natural forests, and all public lands returned by the public surveys as timber lands, shall be withdrawn from sale, and that of the lands partially covered by timber of commercial value, and not embraced in permanent reservations, not more than 25,000 acres shall be sold at any one time. Provision is made for a forestry commission of five persons, whose duty shall be to examine and classify the forests and public timber land, and to determine what portion thereof should be permanently reserved for climatic or other public reasons, and what portions may be disposed of without disadvantage to the public interests. The President is authorized to employ all the military and naval power of the Government for the protection of the forests, and the Act establishes severe fines and penalties for cutting or destroying timber on the reserved lands, and for removing, transporting or purchasing such timber. No doubt this Bill will be stubbornly fought by the rings of timber thieves who are so largely responsible for the destruction of our public forests; but it is to be hoped that the virtue of Congressmen will be sufficiently robust to resist their importunities and pass the measure which is in every way so important and desirable.

THE evils that threaten society from the aggressive, destructive and murderous designs of Nihilism are not to be minimized. This worst outgrowth of modern socialism recently issued a manifesto, emanating from the Nihilist executive, which condemns Count Tolstoi, the Russian Minister of the Interior, to death. This action is supposed to be in consequence of the trial of eight of the murderous brotherhood, which was in progress in St. Petersburg at the time. The Russian minister may well feel alarmed at the prospect before him. There can be no doubt but that trusty agents have been designated to execute the sentence, and that the fear of death or arrest will not deter them from making the attempt. The perfect obedience yielded by Nihilists to the commands of the executive council is described with startling effect in one of William Black's novels, where an English gentleman, who had been induced to join the society, though entirely opposed to and horrified at the idea of murder, felt nevertheless compelled by his oath and obligations to murder in cold blood a person not less famous for his talents than for his virtues. There may be exaggeration in all this, but there must be something in the organization of a society that is as inexorable as fate, when the prospect of instant death is scarcely regarded as an obstacle by those appointed to execute its commands. The recent revelations in connection with the attempt to murder the German Kaiser and Crown Prince were scarcely needed to enlighten the public as to the desperate character of Nihilistic socialism.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE Washington monument weighs 81,120 tons and cost \$1,187,710.

DURING the past year 16 vessels and 131 lives of the Gloucester fishing fleet were lost.

IT is confidently predicted that the Spanish treaty will not be ratified by the present Congress.

THE Reagan Inter-State Commerce Bill was discussed in the House of Representatives last week.

DETECTIVES are scouring Nebraska in search of Captain Howgate, the defaulting Signal Service officer.

THE nomination of Hugh McCulloch as Secretary of the Treasury was last week confirmed by the Senate.

A COLD wave swept over the Northern and Western States last week. At Omaha the temperature fell to fifteen degrees below zero, and at points in Minnesota to thirty and forty degrees below.

ST. JOHN'S HOME, a Roman Catholic orphan asylum for boys, in Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire on the 18th instant. Ten bodies have been taken from the ruins, and forty-eight children are still unaccounted for. There were 780 inmates in all.

##### FOREIGN.

ADVICES from the Russian frontier say that Nihilists recently attempted to wreck a railway train which was conveying the Czar to St. Petersburg.

A REVOLT has taken place in Corea; the King's son and two sets of Ministers were massacred, and the King was compelled to place himself under the protection of the Japanese.

THE Budget Committee of the French Senate has restored the credits for the salaries of the clergy and other religious bodies which were rejected by the Chamber of Deputies.

SOME excitement has been created in England by a report that the German flag has been hoisted over the Islands of New Britain and New Ireland, and over the Admiralty Islands and portions of the north coast of New Guinea.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 310.



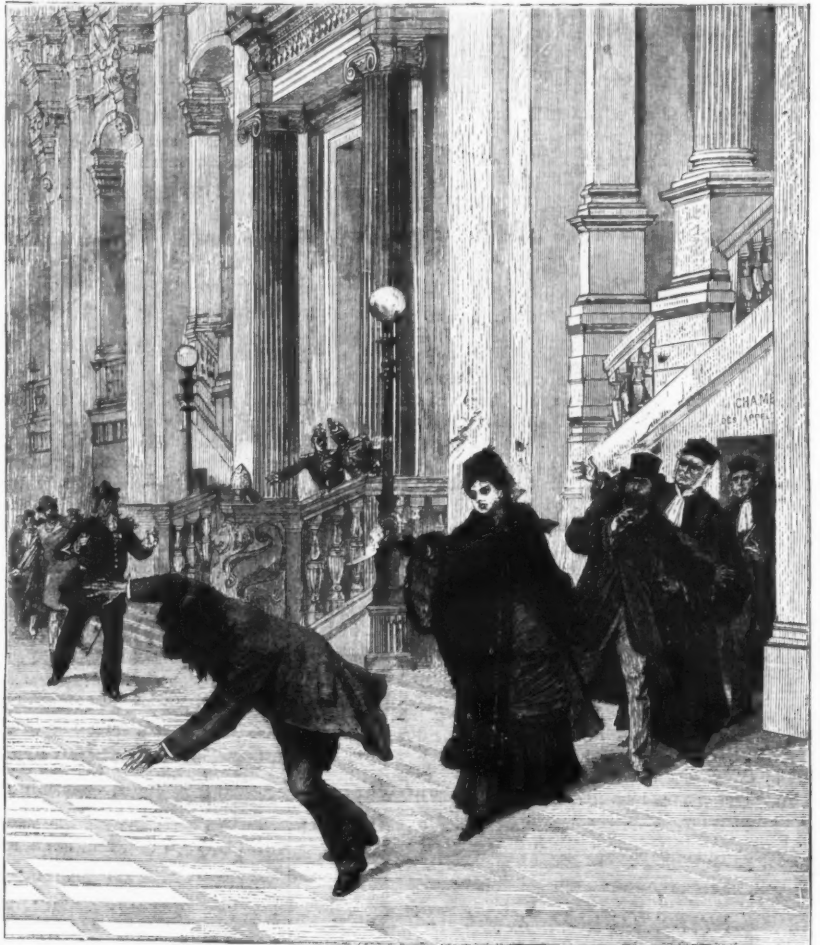
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE CROFTERS' AGITATION—EXTERIOR OF A COTTAGE ON THE ISLE OF SKYE.



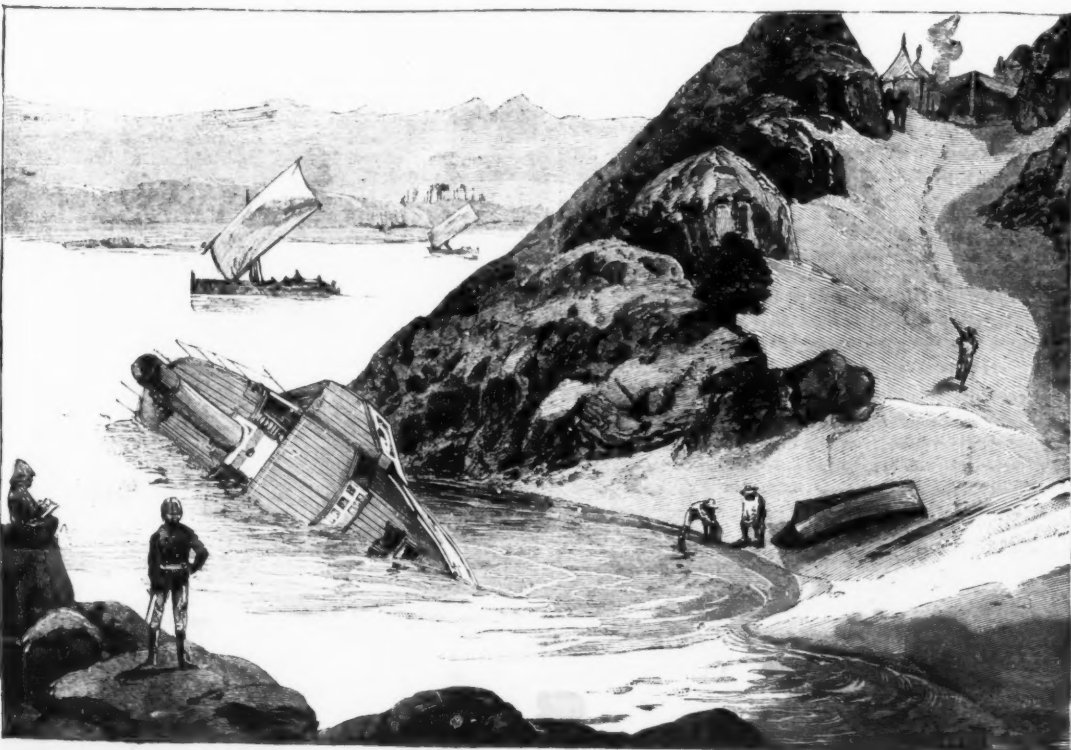
GREAT BRITAIN.—THE CROFTERS' AGITATION—INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.



FRANCE.—THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE PROJECTED MONUMENT TO GAMBETTA.



FRANCE.—THE SHOOTING OF M. MORIN, BY MME. HUGUES, AT THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, PARIS.



THE NILE EXPEDITION.—A STEAMER WRECKED IN THE TANJOUR CATARACT.



FRANCE.—MADAME CLOVIS-HUGUES.



## THE NEW WASHINGTON MARKET.

**T**HE completion of the new Washington Market building, in New York city, was marked last week by demonstrations of the liveliest satisfaction on the part of the dealers who have been compelled for months to occupy wooden booths in the vicinity. The building has already been described in our columns, and it need now only be said that it is one of the handsomest and completest structures of the kind in the country. The interior arrangements are in every way convenient and inviting, and on a "full market day" the scene presented is one of striking interest, especially to epicurean buyers.

Thousands of people flocked to the Exposition grounds, and when, about noon, Governor McEnery with his staff, the Management Committee and their guests entered the main building, it contained 25,000 persons.

The opening prayer was offered by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. Major Burke, Director-general of the Exposition, in formally surrendering the buildings to Colonel Edward Richardson, President of the Exposition Company, gave a brief account of his stewardship, expressed gratification at the co-operation extended by the great countries of the world and by the States and Territories of the Union, and promised that the unavoidable incompleteness of certain features of

a table bearing a telegraphic instrument and an easel supporting a large picture of the New Orleans Exposition buildings and grounds. The address of Colonel Richardson having been received and read aloud, President Arthur dictated in a clear and deliberate manner the following reply:

"WASHINGTON, December 16th, 1884.—In the name of the people of the Republic I congratulate the citizens of the Southwest on their advancing prosperity as manifested by the great International Exposition now about to open. The interest of the nation in that section of our Commonwealth has found expression in many ways, and notably in appropriations for the improvement of the Mississippi and by the national loan to promote the present Exposition. Situated as it is, at the gateway of the trade between the United States and Central and South America, it will attract the attention of the

occasion a cordial welcome. And now at the Executive Mansion, in Washington, in the presence of the assembled representatives of the friendly nations of the world, of the President of the Senate, of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, of the Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court, of a committee from each House of Congress, and of the members of my Cabinet, I again and in their name congratulate the promoters of the Exposition upon the auspicious inauguration of an enterprise which promises such far reaching results. With my last wishes for the fulfillment of all its great purposes, I now declare that the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition is now open.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR."

At ten minutes past three o'clock, having finished the above address, the President touched the button of the telegraphic instrument. The electric spark flashed in a second to the Exposi-



NEW YORK CITY.—OPENING DAY AT THE NEW WASHINGTON MARKET.—MARKETMEN MAKING MERRY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.

## THE OPENING OF THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS.

**T**HE Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, or World's Fair, at New Orleans, was opened on Tuesday, the 16th instant, in the presence of an immense concourse of people representing our own and other countries, and an elaborate ceremonial programme was successfully carried out. The whole city presented a brilliant and animated appearance. The weather was somewhat cloudy, but no rain fell. At an early hour vast mul-

the display should be made good within the next ten or fifteen days. Colonel Richardson then read an address to President Arthur, closing with the words: "I now present to you this Exposition, ready as our best efforts, with the brief period of time at our command, have been able to make it, and for the degree of success attained we appeal to a generous judgment." This was at once telegraphed to Washington.

Meanwhile, in the East Room of the White House at the national capital, the President and an assemblage of distinguished guests stood about

people of the neighboring nations of the American system, and they will learn the importance of availing themselves of our products as we will of theirs, and thus not only good feeling, but a profitable intercourse between the United States, and the States of Central and South America, will be promoted.

"The people of our own country thus brought closer together will find in this Exposition of competitive industries motives for strengthening the bonds of brotherhood. Railroads, telegraph lines and submarine cables have drawn much nearer the nations of the earth, and an assembly like this of the representatives of different nations is promotive of goodwill and peace, while it advances the material welfare of all. The United States extends to those from foreign countries who visit us on this

tion Hall at New Orleans, where, at the click of the instrument, the lever was raised and the great engine started. As it did so the chimes of the tower pealed forth, the artillery opened a national salute, and the great audience rose to its feet from the floor, the galleries and platform, and nearly made the building tremble. The Exposition was open.

Further ceremonies in the Main Building included speeches by Governor McEnery and Mayor Guillotte, of New Orleans, the reading of a centennial poem by Page M. Baker, of the New



Orleans *Times-Democrat*, and of a message of congratulation to the managers of the Exposition from Congress.

Such was the auspicious opening of the great World's Fair of 1884-5. The successful completion, by the Southern metropolis, of the great scheme which neither Boston nor New York ventured to undertake, may well be the occasion of rejoicings throughout the entire country. Our illustrations this week represent the scene in the White House at Washington at the moment of the sending of the President's message, and the opening ceremonies in the great Exposition building at New Orleans prior to the reception of the message.

## "A SILVER LINING."

By AMELIA LANCASTER WARD.

A SMALL room, shabbily furnished; a small woman and two small children. The sun gushed through the cheap, cracked curtain and flooded everything: the old, abused bookcase, with its lower rung scratched by somebody's feet; pine chairs, with the paint rubbed; and the carpet, showing the gray wool in spots, the color, nap and figures worn off.

The woman sat on a low rocker, her head resting on her hand—every line of her face denoting heartache.

The children, two tiny girls, played doll's-house on the seat of one of the pine chairs, and dropped their baby voices every time they glanced at their mother.

Suddenly, the woman sprang to the window and jerked the curtain its full length.

"I can't stand the sunlight; it mocks and insults me!" she cried; then, turning to the children: "Go up-stairs," she said. "Go, put on your bonnets and go into the yard—go anywhere, only go out of my sight; I can't bear to look at you—I can't bear anything any longer; I believe I'm going mad!"

With awed faces, the little ones took each other's hands and went towards the door. Their mother seized them and pressed them to her bosom passionately; she must have hurt them, but no cry escaped—they gasped as at the first plunge of their cold bath, and smiled at her with tremulous lips.

The deserted room darkened to the gloom of her thoughts; she beat about its narrow limits like a caged hawk.

She put her hands to her soft brown hair, and it fell and rippled about her shoulders and waist. She tore at the collar that choked her, and laid bare her handsome throat. Her bosom heaved, her eyes flashed, her teeth gleamed and snapped. Incorporate tragedy!

Passing to and fro, her eye accidentally caught her own image in the tarnished mirror hanging crosswise above the mantel. She stood transfixed. A chair was near; she reached out her hand, drew it towards her, turned the back so that she could lean upon it, and then deliberately and critically posed as if for a picture. She wound her long hair together and drew it forward, so that it fell across her neck and bosom. Unbuttoned her sleeve at the wrist, threw it back to the shoulder, displaying her shapely arm. She kicked off her broken slipper, lifted her foot to the seat of the chair, contemplated its well-turned ankle and the swell of its patrician instep.

"I'll do it," she said, aloud, to her image in the glass. "Why shouldn't I try the stage if I'm suited for it? Should I starve on a point of—"

The children's voices at the door, full of glee now—they have their "papa" with them. Standing on the threshold of so scant a home, wreathed by baby arms and greeting a fair young wife, "papa's" appearance was incongruous enough; he should have been a young man, beginning the voyage of life; he was an old one nearing its end; he had seen his sunset in the gray mist of failure.

"No better luck to-day?" queried the wife, petulantly. "Pshaw! what is the use of asking? We can starve, I suppose! Never mind, I know what I'll do—"

She broke off abruptly—something in her husband's face must have frightened her; she sprang to his side, put one arm around him and one around the baby nestling in his bosom. Then she rubbed her firm young cheek against his old and withered one.

"There! that's that miserable door-bell again!"—with another burst of petulance. "Who is it now, I wonder? and I not dressed! Run, Claire—no, never mind, I'll go—only a bill, I guess!"

She went into the front hall, peeped through the meshes of the Nottingham vestibule lace, and, with flushed cheeks, ran back into the room:

"You go, papa," she said, hurriedly. "It is that Mr. Hawley; what can he want again, so soon? I'm not tidy; look at me; let me run up-stairs first!"

Mr. Hawley entered like a breeze from another world—full of the whirl and perfume of social pleasures.

"Ah, my friend," he cried, with resonant voice and familiar air that some way antagonized his threadbare host, "I thought I might find you at home about this—dinner-hour. I've a little business I would like you to attend to. I'll soon tell you about it—and—then—I would like, for one brief moment, to pay my respects to your wife." "My dear Mrs. Martin, how radiant you are looking!" he exclaimed, as that now smiling lady entered the tiny parlor. "I was just saying to your husband, that he should not allow himself to grow old so fast—that he ought to go about more—that it was a crime to keep his beautiful wife out of society. I have some tickets for the opera—wouldn't you like to hear Abbott to-night, and have a little supper at Harvey's?"

For a moment her face lit and her heart throbbed with pleasure, but only for a moment; then she remembered her insufficient wardrobe.

"No, thanks. I cannot possibly go," she answered, confusedly—the cause was too unromantic to tell.

Mr. Hawley had to leave with his plans disappointed—his invitation declined, but it was a satisfaction to remember that acceptance would have given pleasure to the very pretty little woman.

One delicious evening, in the middle of October, Mrs. Martin sat at the window of her tiny parlor, looking into the square of dark front yard, that the tall bricks on either side walled in like a court, cutting off the sunshine in a line level with the palings. She was in a distracted state of low spirits.

The children amused themselves breathing on the window-panes and making grotesque figures with their fingers.

Suddenly, Mr. Hawley stood at the gate. A thrill of pleasure went through the woman, who only a moment ago had felt that the line of sunshine ending with the palings cut her off from all the brightness and companionship of life. The sun lit up his red hair, the glossiness of his fine coat and the glow of his smile, that was all for her! He came up to the window; she raised it, and they shook hands.

"What a glorious evening!" he exclaimed, brightly. "I scarcely expected to find you in—to find you sitting here like 'Mariana of the moated grange.'"

"Scarcely like Mariana," she made answer, with a sad little smile. "Mariana had the 'moated grange'—her solitude, at least, had poetic horrors—mine—"

"Come, come, you mustn't have horrors of any kind!—you, with youth, beauty, intelligence, and these two lovely babies! Think how many women there are who would give their eyes for only one of them!"

"That is what I tell myself," with a sigh of self-reproach. "That I ought to be like the mother of the Gracchi! but, then—"

"There came a pretty pout of defiance—'the virtuous M. G. had everything nice to give her young ones. She didn't see them—Never mind, you wouldn't understand. I'm an awful woman!'" she said, after a pause, and looking penitential. "Full of discontents, repinings, and bad humors! I try, indeed—indeed I do, to overcome myself, to be strong and brave, but I can't." Then she dropped her head, hopelessly, on the child's golden head.

"You are young," he said, kindly, "and you want young people's pleasures. I'll tell you what would do you good: a nice ride to the Soldiers' Home! I'll get a carriage, and when I come back, you and the little ones be ready. Won't that be jolly?"

He turned to move away, but she called him back.

"I can't go, indeed, I cannot," speaking hurriedly, for fear she could not get it out before she would be led away by her great desire to see the yellow roads, the tinted leaves, and to feel the warm sunshine.

"Think of your children," he pleaded. Two little pale faces looked up wistfully into hers. Again he turned. This time he went through the gate.

What a ride they had. The mother and children laughed and exclaimed at everything. They picked red berries from the hedges, and gathered bright leaves and queer bits of moss, and drank at every spring, and then they stopped at a cozy wayside inn and had such a chicken supper!

"I wish my papa was here," said the baby girl, with a soft, ecstatic sigh, as she picked her chicken-bone. The words pierced the mother's heart like an arrow; her mouth and eyes flew open involuntarily. "Let's get through quickly," she said; "it is getting so late. Poor papa!"

"A woman's fancies!" apostrophized Mr. Hawley. "Was anything ever so uncertain? It is nonsense, sheer nonsense; let's have another glass of wine. Mr. Martin can take care of himself. Come, let us all be happy again!"

But somehow, happiness would not come again. Mr. Hawley was slightly indignant, but could not help being affected by the lady's uncontrollable and apparently unnecessary depression. Nor was the ride home so merry; the children were sleepy, the mother quiet and Mr. Hawley full of disappointment.

At the gate of the small house they parted.

"I wish I could ask you in," said Mrs. Martin, with a pitiful attempt at ease and gaiety. "Gloomy, isn't it," nodding towards the house that lay in shadow. "No light in the window for me. Thank you so much for your kindness—we've had a lovely, lovely time. Good-by."

As the mother and children hurried down the narrow brick walk their footsteps seemed to give out a hollow sound. The moon was up, and its light fell upon the upper part of a tall, white, cruciform-post in the rear of the yard. A boy's huge kite had been caught upon it, and its long tail, tangled about the arms, gave it a spectral appearance.

A black cat was on the fence; nothing could be seen of it but the glare of its glassy eyes. The front door was slightly ajar. They stepped into the narrow hall. The darkness was black. The children hid their eyes in the skirt of their mother's dress, and she could scarcely restrain her emotions; some unnatural, unreasonable terror seemed to possess her. They entered the parlor, dimly lighted by the window they had left open. Nobody there. They recrossed the hall, and found the entrance to the sitting-room, always so light and noisy at this hour on other evenings. Gasjets were on either side of the mantel, and under one the match-safe. Groping for it, her outstretched hand touched a cold face; she drew back, clutched the children and stumbled out of the room. She tried to call the neighbors—her voice would not come. She was frozen with terror. Then the children put up a wild cry, and a few people hurried to them. They went back into the room with a light, and found the old husband dead. Dead, lying back in his easy-chair as if asleep!

Miserable were the days that followed.

The wife blamed herself for everything—her miserable discontent that had embittered his last days, her weakness in leaving home. She pictured him dying alone and in the dark; his calling for her and the children. Another terror menaced her. Here lay her dead, robbed for the grave by neighborly hands, but where was the money to bury him. No friends, no one that she felt she could call on for help. "What shall I do, what shall I do!" was her constant cry, walking the floor and wringing her hands.

Again the door-bell rang. It was late in the evening of that dreadful day.

"I wish to see Mrs. Martin," said the visitor to the child that opened the door. "I know of her great trouble, and I would not have come if my business was not so important. I must see her for a few moments." She came down. "Mrs. Martin," said the stranger, "I've strange intelligence for you. I don't suppose it possible that you could remember anything about your own family—your father or mother, or even your sister or brother?"

"No," she answered, wearily. "I was too young. I have only the faintest recollection of my adopted mother. I was only eight when she died, and then I was left at school with the nuns, with nobody to claim me—belonging to nobody. Sometimes, I think it would have been a greater charity if she had let me alone, to stay with my sister and my brother. Surely she gave me nothing to make up for their loss."

"That is what my mother says," broke in the young man, with some spirit. "She says that your adopted mother would not allow you to recognize them—that she would not allow your family to be spoken of in your presence—that she was afraid—that she had—filled your mind—with vanity," speaking with hesitation, afraid of offending.

"Did your mother know me when I was a child?" she asked, with some show of interest.

He smiled, drew towards her, and held out his hand.

"My mother was your sister," he said, "and I am your nephew!" He looked in her eyes for the recognition he felt that nature or instinct ought to furnish; there was nothing but bewilderment, so many shocks of strange events had dazed her. "I can prove it," he added, eagerly. "He, your husband"—bowing his head, reverently—"he knew it yesterday. I went to him, I found his business place, and made myself known. Your brother, my uncle, has just died, leaving no family, and his money was to go to his sisters, if you were living, or to your children, if you had left any. It is quite a little fortune—about ten thousand apiece."

"And he knew of it?" she asked, under her breath.

"And was so pleased to come home and tell you!"

"Poor darling, poor darling!" she moaned.

Thus did the black cloud of despair turn and show the silver lining.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SKYE AND THE CROFTERS.

The Isle of Skye, once famous chiefly for its race of blue-haired terrier dogs, has had worldwide attention drawn to it, of late, on account of the serious revolt occasioned by the land grievances of the "crofters," or small cottier tenants. The movement has extended to the Isles of Uist and Lewis, and its influence is more or less felt throughout the United Kingdom. Not long since, the Home Office sent an armed force to Skye. A detachment of marines and constabulary marched up and down the island, but apparently thought it best not to interfere with the poor inhabitants, although it was expected that the sheriff's officers would serve legal notices on a number of tenants against whom processes have been issued. Skye is the largest island of the Inner Hebrides, being forty-five miles long and from twelve to twenty-two broad. It lies near the west coast of Ross-shire, but belongs to the County of Inverness. The surface is mountainous and picturesque, the soil scant and sterile. Half the island is divided into three peninsulas, named Trotternish, Waterish and Duirinish, which are the seat of the present agitation. The Gaelic inhabitants of Skye, numbering perhaps seventeen thousand, are descendants of the clans who were the traditional rulers of the moist and misty isle. Not only have they been deprived of their birthright, but they are oppressed with two sets of landlords—the absentee proprietors of the great estates, and the middlemen to whom the rocky lands are farmed out, to be sub-let to the cultivators. It is no wonder that the condition of the latter for years has been one of extreme impoverishment. Our illustrations are reproductions of the sketches of an artist-correspondent in Skye, who writes: "The dwelling-place of the crofter is neither cottage nor cot, as one understands such to be in the south. It is a black, miserable hut—almost a ruin in appearance; the walls are about six feet high—rough round stones placed one upon another without cement or lime. The roof is of rough 'thatch,' beams covered with turf and straw, which are tied down by heather ropes fixed to big stones. The interior is one apartment, divided by little partitions into three 'nooks.' In the majority of the houses the divisions are not of wood, but of ragged clothes, or old guano bags, hung from little rough rods of birch or fir-wood. The cow (where there is one) is kept in one of these 'nooks'—the first as you enter the place. This part of the hut is nothing else than a wretched covered stock-yard, with a deep flooring of manure. In the second 'nook' is a peat fire. Here the family cook and eat, and live, and pass their time at home. Here will be found any little furniture they possess—miserable broken sticks, scarcely worth the name of table or chairs. The third is the sleeping-place. There are two beds here, generally speaking, both fixtures to the wall. All the inmates sleep here, and frequently you will find the family numbering seven to nine persons. The floor is rough earth—cold, damp, dirty. The smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. The cold black walls, the peat reek which pervades the whole interior—reek which you may cut with your knife—the filth (for cleanliness in such places and under the conditions in which the

people live is an impossibility), and the appearance of poverty and helplessness which strikes one as a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century."

## THE GAMBETTA MEMORIAL.

We give on page 308 an illustration of the successful design of the six competitive designs for the Gambetta memorial which has been for some time under the consideration of a jury, and which were exhibited the week before last in L'Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris. The design is the joint work of the sculptor Aulic and the architect Boileau, and consists of an imposing obelisk springing from a massive pedestal, on two sides of which are allegorical figures representing Strength and Truth. On the pedestal in front of the obelisk there is a very striking group, full of life and action, of which M. Gambetta is the central figure. There he stands—"the stormy voice of France" rousing a prostrate nation to arms. The figures typify those who responded to his fiery appeal when his country lay bleeding at the mercy of the invader, and the action of one of these, recovering himself after having fallen, is in itself a masterly piece of plastic art. Behind the imposing figure of "the young Dictator" we see rising the inspiring Genius of War waving with unfaltering hand the flag whose honor Gambetta strove to save. A winged lion in bronze carrying an infant Republic with a scroll, on which is blazoned the Declaration of the Rights of Man, occupies the top of the monument—an emblem full of meaning to those who are familiar with the history of the eventful thirteen years over which M. Gambetta's political life extended. Its significance will doubtless be heightened by the passages from his orations which are to be inscribed in letters of gold on the four sides of the memorial.

## THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our illustration strikingly depicts the dangers which attend the passage of the boats of the Nile expedition up the rapids or Cataracts of that river. The vessel whose wreck is shown was the steamboat *Ghizab*, the scene of the disaster being the Tangour Cataract. The crew, after effecting their escape, contrived to put up a shelter and dwellings for themselves on the rocks above the shore, as appears in the illustration.

## THE VENGEANCE OF MADAME CLOVIS-HUGUES.

The exciting topic in Paris at present is the recent shooting of one M. Morin, a professional blackmailer, by Madame Clovis-Hugues, wife of M. Clovis-Hugues, member from Marseilles, of the Chamber of Deputies. This tragic affair took place at the Paris Court House, on the 27th of November, since which time the full details have been furnished by the newspaper press. It appears that a Madame Lenormand, who was endeavoring to obtain a separation from her husband, suborned a number of witnesses to testify that improper relations had existed between him and Madame Clovis-Hugues previous to the latter's marriage to the Marseilles deputy. The agent of the false witnesses, was Morin. Infuriated at the slander, Madame Clovis-Hugues instituted legal proceedings against Morin, who, in December of last year, was condemned to two years' imprisonment and fined. The Court of Appeal confirmed this judgment last March, but by default, the appellant having taken refuge in Belgium. Safe in Brussels, Morin continued to annoy Madame Clovis-Hugues and her husband by insulting letters and postal-cards. Finally he succeeded in obtaining another trial, and returned to Paris. The case was called November 27th, but despite the efforts of the lady's counsel, Morin's lawyer succeeded in getting an adjournment for a fortnight. Exasperated at the apparent hopelessness of her endeavors to obtain justice, Madame Clovis-Hugues lingered, conversing with her husband and friends, in an entry to the courtroom. At that moment Morin passed through. In an instant, before any one could apprehend her purpose, Madame Clovis-Hugues sprang towards him, with the exclamation, "Miserable!" and drawing a revolver from her pocket, fired six shots in rapid succession. Three of these took effect upon Morin—one in the head, one in the neck, and one in the breast. The victim fell. Guards rushed in. The lady and her husband were arrested. On the following day the latter was liberated. Morin, after suffering great agony, died, December 8th. The trial of Madame Clovis-Hugues will be held next month, and it is generally expected that she will be acquitted. Press and public alike take sides with her, and in their enthusiasm perhaps have somewhat overdone the matter. Madame Clovis-Hugues is a handsome woman of the Southern type, about thirty-five years of age. She is a daughter of M. Royannez, a journalist, dramatic poet, and staunch Republican, from whom she has inherited a resolute character and artistic tastes.

## THE PALACE OF THE KING OF FASHION.

Mrs. LUCY H. HOOPER thus describes in a recent letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph* a visit to the country seat of M. Worth, the King of Fashion, situated at Suresnes, one of the most charming of the suburban villages of Paris: "I had heard wonders about this fairy structure, but the reality surpassed all the marvels of report. From the road nothing is to be seen but high brick walls, pierced by an arched gateway. The guest, in entering there, finds himself face to face with an exquisitely laid out garden, where plants, fountains, statuary, summer-houses, etc., have been so disposed as to make a harmonious and charming picture. On entering the house one finds oneself in a wilderness of antique carvings, costly hangings, porcelains, *bien-à-brac*, stained glass, etc., grouped with infinite taste, the effect being that of a mediæval castle blended with the palace of a fairy prince. Above all things, it is a museum of porcelain. Thousands of plates of rare and choice wares have been cunningly introduced, not only into the decorations, but have been blended with the architecture. Plates of old Rouen, old Sevres, antique Saxe, and other precious porcelains line the walls, stud the ceilings, and are set in graceful curves above the arches of doors and windows. In one place an effective bit of decoration had been worked out by means of a tea-service in blue-and-white ware which had originally belonged to Queen Charlotte, wife of George III.

"Passing through the first suite of reception-rooms, one enters a conservatory, domed with ruby and white glass—a veritable Winter garden with fountains plashing amid the palm-trees, and a bed of fern sparsely scattered, with choicest orchids rising at one side. Overhead the glass is so arranged at one end as to represent an Oriental awning, drawn up in graceful folds under a roofing



of gold-yellow glass. Under this awning is the window of the library, which looks down on the flowers and palms of this fragment of immortalized Summer. At the other end of the conservatory a wall of plate-glass shuts out the dining and breakfast rooms. The curtains in the first-named apartment are in heavy gold-brown velvet, bordered with bands of hand embroidery, representing in colored silks and gold thread the personages of the Italian Comedy. The designs for this embroidery originated with M. Worth himself. The ceiling is in solid oak, crossed with square beams and elaborately carved. The tea-room is hung at either end with antique tapestry of the finest quality, and in perfect preservation. A third piece, equaling the other two in beauty, is mounted as a screen. The buffets that line the walls are loaded with antique silver, rare china and old glassware. One set of porcelain came from the Tuileries, being half a service, the other half of which was owned by M. Thiers, and which, with his other artistic possessions, was bequeathed by him to the Museum of the Louvre. A beautiful service of glassware, dating from the seventeenth century, originally belonged to one of the Electors of Hanover.

"There was no end to the beautiful and curious and antique things that were visible on every side. Two fine alabaster heads from Salisbury Cathedral adorned in one place the arch of a doorway. In another place I was shown the busts of Charlemagne and of Napoleon I. from the burned-down Hotel de Ville, and fragments of sculpture from the ruins of the Tuileries. One of the most beautiful features of the house is a long gallery, the roof supported by square pillars and the floor composed of fine mosaic. At one side a series of windows, some oval and others square, each composed of a single pane of plate glass, look out upon the garden, whose plants and walks and statuary have been so arranged that each window presents a separate and complete picture. The square pillars on the other side of the gallery are set with plates from the floor to the ceiling. This apartment leads to a staircase, the walls formed of strips of plate-glass alternating with bands of dark ruby velvet set with plates. As to the architecture, I can give no idea of it. The effect of the whole interior is, as I have said before, partly mediæval and wholly fantastic. The house is a dream, a fantasy, an improvisation in marble and wood, in porcelains and tapestries, in stained glass and tropical plants. Curiosities and surprises await one at every turn. The windows in painted glass are in themselves worthy of prolonged study, being either of the choicest antique or the most artistic modern workmanship."

#### A CAMELLIA, IF NOTHING MORE.

"GALIGNANT" tells this story: "Everybody on the Paris boulevard must have seen a shabby-looking man, of about fifty years of age, walking along the public thoroughfares with a white camellia in his buttonhole—a camellia to which a very curious history is attached. About three years ago the personage referred to won a large stake at baccarat. Flushed with his success, he entered a florist's establishment and made an arrangement by which he was to receive a white camellia every morning for a certain number of years in consideration of a sum of money, which he immediately paid in advance. Mistakenly and, consequently, overtook him, and, although not always sure that his means will 'run' to a dinner, he never fails to go in quest of the favorite flower to which, by a freak of his own providence, he has long since become entitled."

#### THE GRAIN TRADE OF THE PACIFIC STATES.

The facts relating to the grain trade of California and the Pacific are even more wonderful in dollars and cents than were ever told of the gold of the country, which allured thither so many of all ages and conditions from every State and Territory. In the year ending June 30th, 1884, 24,447,363 bushels of wheat were exported from San Francisco alone, and from California, Oregon and Washington Territory the amount was 30,058,634 bushels, or 88.13 per cent. of the total exports of wheat from the Pacific Coast.

This wheat trade with Europe gives employment annually to about 400 sailing vessels going around the Horn, making an average passage for each vessel of about 16,000 miles in an average time of little over four months. Of the 440 ships thus employed in 1883, 110 carried the American flag, and 330 carried foreign flags; in 1884, of 388 ships cleared, 195 sailed under the American flag, and 293 under foreign flags. These facts enter largely into the question of a ship canal across the Isthmus.

Expectations of a considerable grain transportation by the Southern Pacific Railroad to New Orleans, thence to Europe, have not been realized, owing to the depression of ocean rates. Experimental shipments have been made for the English market over the three transcontinental lines—to wit, the Southern Pacific, Central Pacific and Northern Pacific; but the result did not warrant a repetition or the expectation of considerable grain movements across the continent by rail.

The value of the trade of the Pacific Slope with the States east of the Rocky Mountains cannot be accurately ascertained, but it is believed to be much larger than the trade of the Pacific Coast with Europe.

#### HOW SPONGES ARE CAUGHT.

A NASSAU letter in the New York Times says: "The sponging fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from ten to forty tons, or even smaller. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and make periodical trips out to the sponge beds. Around Abaco, Andros Island and Exuma are some of the principal fisheries; there are scarcely any of value in the immediate vicinity of Nassau. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long-handled things like oyster tongs to fish them out of the water. They do not 'go it blind' and probe in the mud like oystermen; in this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, and make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of each one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate and light-colored things we see in the shop-windows."

"When first taken from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else. They are slippery, slimy, ugly and smell bad. Their color generally is a sort of brown, very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker. Most people are taught, in the days of their freshness and innocence, that the sponge is

an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if, indeed, they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills. But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market, and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea—a regular marine tenement-house, built with great skill and architectural precision, in which many of the little beasts lived and died. After the sponges reach the dock of the vessel they are cleaned and dried, and go through a cutting process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas.

"Some, called 'lambwool,' or 'sheepwool,' are as fine and soft as silk, and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless. There are, too, bouquet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges, and finger and glove sponges. The process for curing them is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which 'kills' them. Then they are put in a crawl and kept there from eight to ten days, and are afterwards cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach. When they reach Nassau the roots are cut off and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation. Nearly every darkey in Nassau understands how to do this trimming part. The symmetry of the sponge must be preserved as much as possible, and if there are any places where coral sand has adhered to the sponge those pieces must be cut out, for no amount of skill or care will get rid of sand in a sponge, and the sand is sure to scratch anything it touches. The trimming is generally done very expertly, so that a novice would scarcely see that a sponge had been cut."

#### FRENCH POPULATION STATISTICS.

SOME interesting statistics have been compiled from the census returns of the population of Paris, taken in 1881. London in 1881 had a population of 3,816,483, but the total number of inhabitants of the French capital is 2,239,928, of whom 1,113,326 are of the male sex, and 1,126,602 female. The population occupies 68,126 dwelling houses, 32,422 of which are over four stories high. Paris counts 440,022 married men and 446,297 married women. The number of unmarried males is 321,560, as against 1,098,845 in London, and there are only 556,054 spinsters of all ages, as against 81,192,253 in the British capital. The youngest married man in Paris is 17 years old, and the youngest married woman is 14 years old. Of widowers there are 51,735; three of them are 18 years old, and these are almost as many as in London, where there are 56,883; but the widows are only 123,251. It is noteworthy that only 348,845 males and 372,576 female Parisians were born in Paris, the majority of the inhabitants of the city having come from the provinces, while 91,872 men and 75,542 women are foreigners.

#### ARABIAN ARMOR IN THE SOUDAN.

MANY of the Arab chiefs wear chain armor and swords resembling those worn by the Crusaders. Colonel Colburne writes: "On a certain night there was an alarm which brought Colonel Colburne out of his tent:

"In front of me was the apparition of a knight clad in full armor, lance in hand and sword on thigh. I rubbed my eyes and thought I was dreaming. But the eidolon vanished not, and in truth proved to be an actual flesh and blood knight of the Soudan, *temp.* nineteenth century. The rider, on being questioned, said the armor had been in his family three hundred and ten years. I may add, the horse's head was incased in steel, and its body covered with a quilt thick enough to turn a spear. It was shaped like the armor one reads of in Froissart."

Whence came the medieval armor and arms? Colonel Colburne thinks that they were originally taken from the bodies of dead or captured knights during the Crusades, and that when driven out of Syria many of the Arabs settled in the Soudan.

#### THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A LONDON correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle writes: "When the Prince of Wales is in London, where he spends a considerable portion of the year, he is one of the hardest-worked men in his great city. Take the past week, for instance. In it there has not been a single day on which he has not presided at some public ceremony where he has been called upon to make a long speech, and twice during the week he has acted as chairman at public dinners given in aid of charity, from which he has not been able to escape until shortly before midnight. One day was spent in the east end of London, another in opening a new building for the accommodation of the poorer of the working classes in that crowded district of London lying adjacent to St. Martin's Lane. I was present on both occasions, and I was fairly astonished at the enthusiastic reception given to the Prince and Princess by the very, very poor of London."

"It may interest the reader to know something of the daily life of the Prince of Wales at his home in London, at Marlborough House. He rises at about ten o'clock, unless he has an early engagement in the interest of the public, and if such be the case, no hour is too early for him. On such occasions, I may add, that the punctuality of his Royal Highness has become proverbial. He never keeps anybody waiting, never breaks a promise, and is always on hand to the minute at any ceremonial in which he has promised to take part. While dressing he drinks a cup of chocolate, and then takes a stroll in the grounds and smokes a cigarette. He is no breakfast eater, and, if he has no engagement, reads the papers and attends to his private correspondence, with the aid of his secretary, until one o'clock, when he lunches with the Princess and those members of his family who happen to be in town. After lunch, usually accompanied by his wife, he pays calls to private friends, drives or rides in the park for an hour and is then dropped at one of his clubs, where he chats and possibly plays a game of billiards until dinner-time. After dinner one or other of the theatres is generally patronized, and on these occasions the Princess and one or more of the young princesses accompany him. Of course this is a specimen of a day on which there is no work to be done, and during the London season it is a rare occurrence that there is not a new building to be opened, or a ragged school to be inspected."

"Perhaps, after all, the brightest side of the Prince's character is seen by the humble dependents who live on his property and are employed on his estates at Sandringham, in Norfolk. Here all ceremony is put on one side, and those who have had an opportunity of observing the home life of the Prince, Princess and their children, tell me that it would be impossible to discover in these islands a more united and happy family. The Prince walks, rides and drives with his children, and is in every sense of the word their friend and companion, as well as their father."

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

A ST. LOUIS man has discovered that catfish skin makes elegant leather, and proposes to get out a patent and make a fortune. He uses it for everything: for shoe-laces to slippers, cabas, pocket-books and fancy pocket-case covers. The leather is light gray in color, very soft and tough.

THERE are now in the United States sixteen locomotive works not including the shops owned by railroad companies. Pennsylvania has five of these; New Jersey and Massachusetts, three each; New York, two; and Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine, one each. These works give employment to 14,000 men, and every year add about 2,600 locomotives to the number now in use.

THERE are 3½ pounds of cotton-seed to every pound of fibre. More than 4,000,000 tons are produced annually, but only 10 per cent. of the seed is crushed, the rest being thrown away. A ton of seed yields 35 gallons of oil, 22 pounds of cotton and 750 pounds of cake, used for fattening cattle. The oil is largely used for making fine soaps, and when refined properly can scarcely be distinguished from olive oil.

VERDI—who ought to speak with authority on that phase of the matter—thinks that lowering the musical pitch will not at all impair the brilliancy of military music; "It will, on the contrary," he says, "give something noble, full, majestic to the tone which the strident effects of the higher pitch do not possess. For my part I should like to see one diapason established for the entire musical universe. Why should the note called A in Paris or Milan become B-flat in Rome?"

THE returns of the election in Texas indicate an astonishing growth of population in that great State. A comparison of the vote shows a gain of 76,671 upon the vote of 1880, much the largest gain of any State in the Union. Estimating one voter for every six inhabitants, this gives an increase of 460,026 in the population of Texas within four years. At this rate little less than a million will be added to the population of the Lone Star State in the next census, and its representation in Congress will rise from eleven to nineteen or twenty members.

A MAN in Jones County, Ga., owns a carriage made from timbers of the famous frigate *Old Ironsides*. The carriage was originally made for General Jackson by some enthusiastic New York Democrats. The General invited his successor, Martin Van Buren, to ride with him in it from the White House to the Capitol on the day of the latter's inauguration. It was a very high affair, with folding steps reaching almost to the ground. The interior in its day was finely upholstered in the richest velvet, and the wheels and framework are good for fifty years to come.

ONE of the most startling features in the Pennsylvania oil region is the number of deserted villages, which has been caused by the exhaustion of oil wells. Pithole is a remarkable example of the oil excitement. Barely eighteen years ago it stood a city of 20,000 inhabitants, with churches, theatres, hotels, daily newspapers, pipe lines, railroad and telegraph offices—all the appliances of a busy city; now, says a recent traveler through that region, "all that appears is a log-cabin, the dismantled wing of an old hotel, some decaying timbers and a little clearing in the forest, so saturated with oil and salt water that nothing will grow upon it. A poor, demented old man is now the only inhabitant."

THE building of London Bridge, upon which the dynamiters made their latest attempt, was begun in 1824, and was finished in 1827, from designs of John Rennie, architect of Southwark and Waterloo bridges. The cost is estimated at between £1,500,000 and £2,500,000. It is built of granite in five arches, the centre arch being 152 feet, the two next 140 feet, and the two shore arches 130 feet each span. The bridge is 900 feet long and 54 feet wide. The lamp-posts are made from cannon taken in the Peninsular War. Over 100,000 persons pass over it every day. Police constables are stationed in the middle of the roadway to prevent blocks. It is the handsomest bridge over the Thames.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

DECEMBER 14TH.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain John W. Tyler, formerly of the trading service on the lakes, and ex-Harbor-master of New York; in Gravesend, L. I., ex-Assemblyman James J. Stillwell, aged 57 years; in Watertown, N. Y., Captain C. A. Settle, commanding the Thirty-ninth Separate Company; in Elkton, Md., James McIntyre, Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Delaware, aged 75 years. DECEMBER 15TH.—In New York, Jacob F. Knapp, of the firm of Sheppard Knapp & Co., carpet-dealers, aged 50 years. DECEMBER 16TH.—In New York, Charles G. Lincoln, treasurer of the Erie Railroad, aged 55 years; in New York, John J. Hill, an old lawyer of this city, aged 71 years. DECEMBER 17TH.—In Henderson, N. Y., Dr. Lowrey Barney, a well-known physician, aged 91 years; in New York, the Rev. Dr. George W. Blagden, formerly pastor of the Old South Church of Boston, aged 82 years; in Hamilton, Ont., the Rev. T. B. Fuller, Bishop of Niagara; in Worcester, Mass., Benjamin W. Abbott, a famous auctioneer, aged 65 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., John E. Stow, a large fruit-dealer, aged 68 years; in Montclair, N. J., Charles Seymour, librarian of the New York Produce Exchange; in Rahway, N. J., Joseph W. Savage, Mayor of that place. DECEMBER 18TH.—In New York, Lloyd W. Wells, well known in connection with local charities, aged 83 years; in New York, John M. Bruce, a well-known business man, aged 66 years; in Philadelphia, Pa., the Rev. H. Colebaker, an old and well-known Methodist Episcopal minister, aged 75 years; in Columbus, O., ex-Judge Joseph R. Swan, aged 82 years. DECEMBER 19TH.—In Newport, R. I., Mrs. Eliza R. Gould, well known in connection with charitable enterprises; in Lynchburg, Va., the Rev. Edward Sandford Gregory, rector of Epiphany Church in that place, aged 41 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It has been decided to hold a Church Congress in 1885 at Portsmouth, England.

THE prospectus of a Chinese dictionary has been issued in Japan. It will comprise forty volumes.

THE House of Representatives adjourned on the 20th instant for the holiday recess. It will reassemble on January 5th.

THE Republican Independents of Boston have determined to organize permanently, with a view of continuing their efforts for reform.

A MAGNIFICENT seam of coal has been discovered at Crowfoot Crossing, 800 miles west of Winnipeg, Manitoba, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

THE House Committee on Indian Affairs has reported adversely the resolution providing for the improvement of the Indians by giving them citizenship.

THE salt product of Michigan for the year ending November 30th last was 3,252,175 barrels, the largest in the history of the salt manufacture of the State.

THE United States Senate last week passed the Bill for the admission of Dakota as a State by the strict party vote of thirty-four to twenty-eight. It is expected that the House will reject it.

THE House of Representatives last week rejected a Bill to call in the greenbacks under the denomination of five dollars, and issue in their stead silver certificates of like denomination.

IN Lima, Peru, last week, a company of bull-fighters were fined 1,000 soles (about \$800), not for their cruelty to the animals, but for furnishing sport inferior to that provided for in their contract.

WHO will dare say that female suffrage is unpopular with women in the face of the 1,109 of them who were registered in Boston to vote for School Committee this year against 701 last year? Figures don't lie.

A LONDON lady who wanted her infant vaccinated was offered some virus from the arm of a grandchild of the Premier, but refused on the ground that, being a Conservative, she did not want her child to have a Gladstone taint.

SPAIN has assumed the sovereignty of a large tract of country in West Africa, extending 300 miles from Cape Blanco to Bojador, of which 200 miles comprise fishing-banks of great value. She has also assumed the sovereignty of the existing trading stations within that territory.

AN Ohio judge, in the case of a shipper of oil who brought suit against the Lake Shore Railroad Company for overcharges, recently decided that a railroad company was not at liberty to charge one shipper more than another, because he shipped a smaller quantity than his competitors.

THE Pope has created a sensation in clerical circles by writing a Pontifical letter to Cardinal Parrochi strongly denouncing divorce as a flagrant violation of the sacraments of the Church. He makes a most vigorous appeal against the Divorce Bill now being discussed in the Italian Chambers.

CLUB-SWINGING is compulsory for the freshmen at Yale. The class is drilled in the exercise, a freshman year, the student will not confine himself too closely to his books, but will voluntarily educate his muscles.

OF the 860 convicts in the New Jersey State Prison but 380 are employed, and owing to the expiration of contracts, these will soon be thrown into idleness. The enactment of the law abolishing convict labor prevents the making of new contracts, and the result will be a loss to the State of \$100,000 a year.

CALIFORNIA can produce pomegranates enough to supply the East, even were the demand as great as it is now for oranges. In Southern California the pomegranate flourishes as it does in Italy or in the Holy Land. There is no limit to its productiveness should a market be opened for it, and as it bears transportation very well it could readily be added to the fruits which are now sent to Eastern consumers.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill to make a Department of Agriculture. This will, if passed by the Senate, give the incoming Democratic administration one more Cabinet officer. It is said that another Cabinet scheme will shortly follow. That is, the proposition to lump all the scientific bureaus now scattered through the various departments under one official head as a Department of Science.

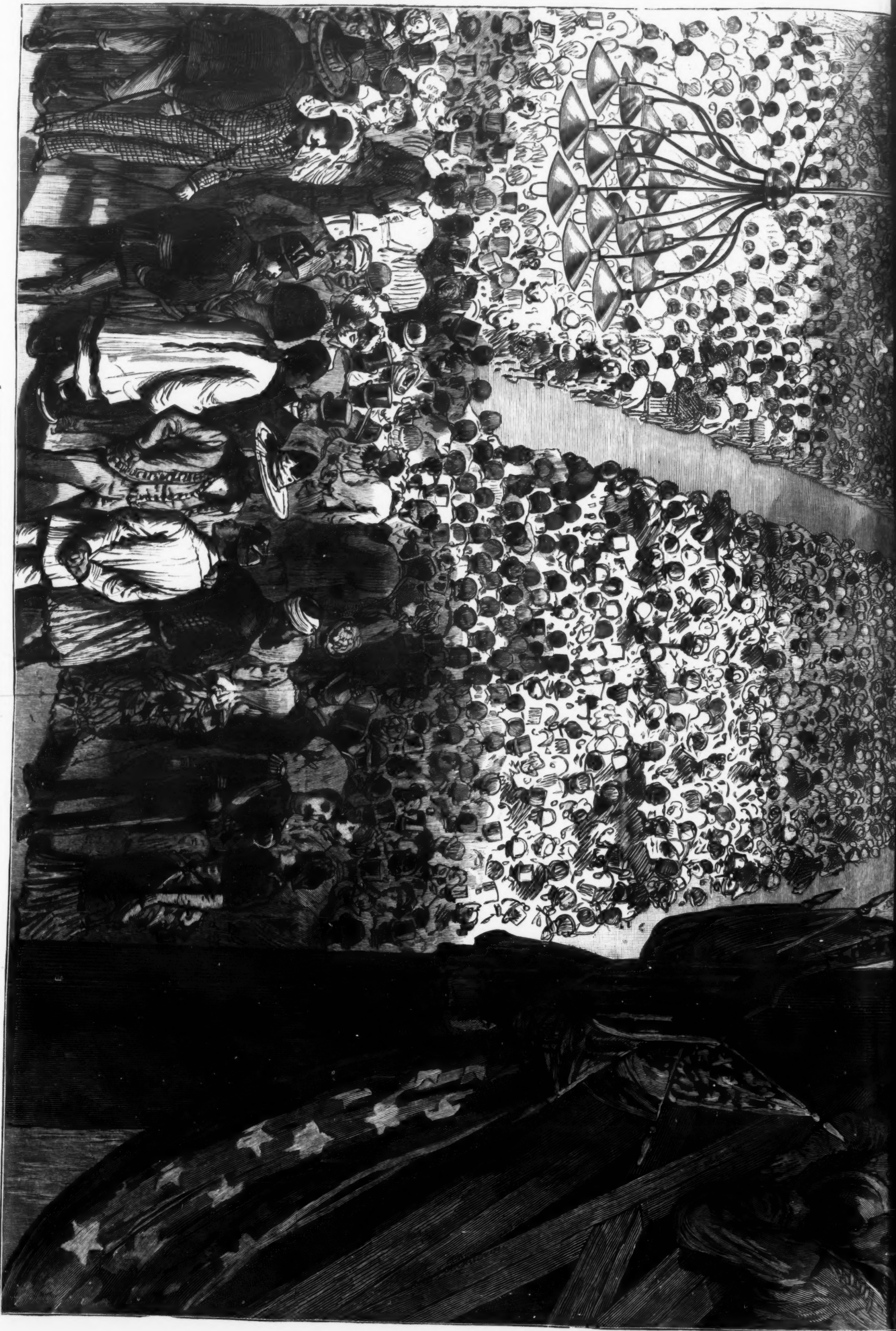
THE Prefecture of Police in Paris has insisted on the models of all the Christmas toys being submitted for censorship. All models recalling the war in China were prohibited. Mandarins and Black flags were not allowed to be caricatured, nor the storming of Sontay to be celebrated; but a figure of the Mahdi was passed, according to which he is a portly Turk, and he spins around on being touched by a spring.

A TOX and a half of candy containing poisonous ingredients was seized in New York city last week. A report to the Health Board states that thirteen out of sixty-four candy-makers visited were found to be using chrome yellow, or chromate of lead, to color their candies. Five of the thirteen used chrome green, red lead, vermilion and Prussian blue. Three used burnt umber to give a chocolate color. One used fuchsine, an aniline containing mercury, for a red color.

A BIG lobby has appeared in Washington for the development of the great Galveston Harbor scheme, which is to take the work of the improvement of that harbor out of the hands of the Government engineers and give it in charge of Captain Eads. The Government engineers say the requisite depth of eighteen feet of water in Galveston Harbor can be given at a cost of \$1,000,000. The Eads experts last season wanted about \$4,000,000. They now think \$8,760,000 will be about the right thing.

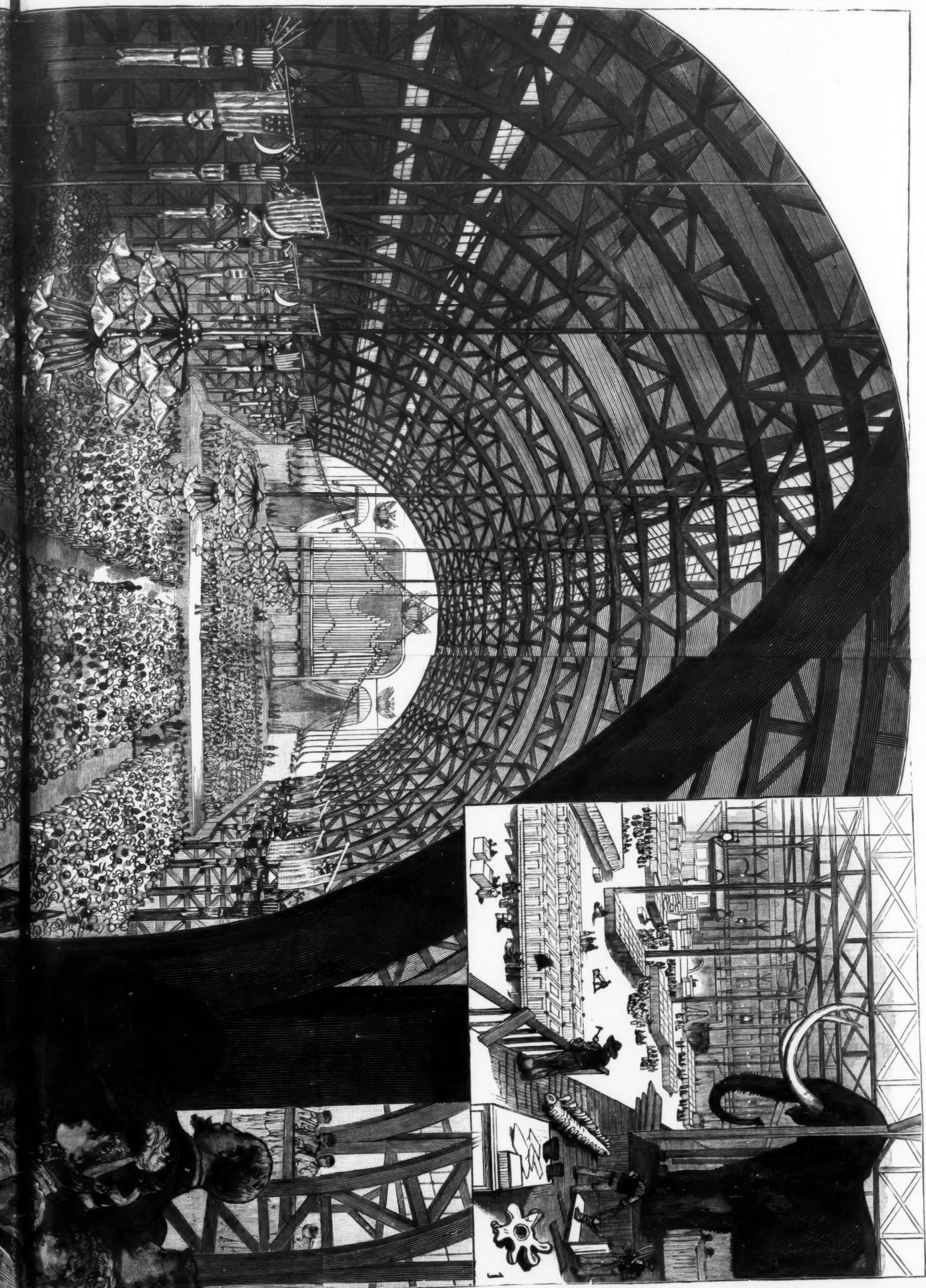
THE agitation in France in favor of increased duties on grain and cattle has provoked hostility in Italy, and the Italians are clamoring for measures of retaliation or reprisal against France. There is great distress in the northern provinces of Italy, owing to the scantiness of crops, and if their market in France is to be closed by an exorbitant tariff, it will mean ruin to the farmers who now send across the frontier many million bushels of corn and wheat, and many thousands of beef cattle on the hoof. The matter will be brought up in the Italian Parliament.





LOUISIANA.—FORMAL OPENING OF THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS, DECEMBER 16TH  
DIRECTOR-GENERAL BURKE DELIVERING THE BUILDING TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE EXPOSITION COMPANY.  
FROM A SKETCH BY C. LPHAM. SEE PAGE 309.







## A VIGIL.

THE day is dead, the night is chill,  
The moon drifts slowly down the bay,  
Her myriad broken lights at play,  
And one I love is white and still.

No quiver of the carven lip,  
No flutter of the folded hands—  
I sit and count the dropping sands,  
And grasp the moments as they slip.

Another Watcher gray and grim  
Divides with me the solemn night,  
And when the flushing East is bright  
I find myself alone with him. H. T. C.

## TRAPPED.

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## CHAPTER IV.

MADAME D'AURELLES'S first visitor the next Thursday was Mr. Gilbard. "I am glad you have come early," she said, "so that we can have a little talk before the others come. Tell me, now, what you are doing—studying for the Bar still? How warm it is! Do you mind lowering that blind? Thanks!"

"I am yours to command in all things," he rejoined, coming and standing a little nearer to her.

How beautiful she looked in her exquisitely fitting, long trailing dress! At that moment the door opened, and, contrary to his usual practice, Albert walked in, to be present at his wife's afternoon.

At his entrance Catherine showed signs of pleasure, in which Horace Gilbard did not participate; but the Frenchman looked well pleased with himself.

It was, nevertheless, a relief to the three when other callers arrived—amongst them an æsthetic, conceited, bilious young man, who informed Gilbard that he and every one else had a moral self, and that to sin against that self was the unpardonable sin.

"And," he added, with supreme contempt, in spite of his evident biliousness, "as Morality is but another name for Beauty, he who sins against the laws of Beauty sins against Morality! Will you inform me if you admire pictures?"

"No, I do not."

"The highest poetry?"

"No, nor the lowest."

"Will you tell me, then, in what form you do adore the Beautiful?"

"No, I will not," returned Gilbard, with savage rudeness; and he walked away, leaving the bilious one dumbfounded; for some people were in the habit of regarding him as a kind of oracle.

Gilbard lingered a little to see if there would be any opportunity of conversation with Catherine. As it appeared there would not be one until they were again alone in the presence of her husband, he went his way, out into the bright sunny afternoon with a strange, bewildered kind of feeling in his head.

To see her in this way, surrounded by other people, was a worse thing than not seeing her. Yet, could he make up his mind to stay away from the house on these Thursday afternoons? He went to his club, and there dined in the vilest of tempers. His brother-members remarked it, and wondered what had come to Horace Gilbard, who, as a rule, was one of the best-tempered of men.

The next Thursday afternoon he again presented himself at the house in St. George's Terrace. This time he arrived late. Monsieur d'Aurelles was on the scene again; he was engaged talking to a group of ladies; his wife stood near the doorway.

"I thought you were not coming," she said.

"And I have only looked in for a minute or two. Tell me, will you be at the opera on Saturday?"

"Yes; I am going with mamma. Albert has a club dinner, I believe."

Where is the woman who can forbear experimenting upon the man who is in love with her, whether he has any right to be so or not? As Catherine d'Aurelles said those words, she looked at him to see what effect they would produce; and she saw the blood leap into his face—the light into his eyes.

"I think I will go, now that I have shaken hands with you," he said.

"No—why, how absurd you are! stay and help me! There are so few men and so many women—see how they absolutely surge about my husband! Are you going to be good or not?"

"I told you last Thursday that I was yours to command."

"And you are still in that mind?"

"I am always in that mind."

"You will stay, then?"

"Surely I shall stay—till I can serve you no more by staying."

The following Saturday night saw Horace Gilbard again at the opera, seated in the stalls this time. He paid less attention than usual to the music, and when the drop had fallen on the first act, he quitted his stall, and quickly reappeared in a private box occupied by two ladies—the one elderly, the other might have been about thirty, but looked somewhat younger, and was possessed of unusual beauty.

"I thought I should never see you again!" said Horace, as he bent over Catherine's chair.

"What can you mean, when you saw me only last Thursday, and the Thursday before as well?"

"That was not seeing you! I have not really seen you since we met at the Grays'. How warm it is here? Don't you want to take a turn in the corridor?"

She rose, and they left the box together, to mix with the other pairs who were lounging or promenading leisurely in the comparatively cool corridors. There was doubtless plenty of flirtation and intrigue going forward, heartaches and head-

aches being laid up for the morrow; but these two were innocent enough. The woman who was with Gilbard should, he knew, have been his wife, and she was another man's, and he, Gilbard, loved her more than ever! But because you envy a man some treasure in art, on which it delights your soul to gaze, does that mean that you are going to turn burglar some fine night? Certainly not. It means nothing of the kind!

She was the first to speak.

"Well?" she asked. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

"No. What should I have to say? It is enough to be with you—to look at you."

These words were spoken in low grave tones. As a suitor he had been remarkable for his gravity, though boyishly ungainly at other times.

"Don't speak so," she said, in a voice equally low.

"Why not? Where is the harm? While I love you and you are indifferent, there can be no harm."

"But it seems to me there is harm. Let us talk of something else."

"I don't want to talk of anything else."

"Then we will be silent."

"Very well—I am content."

"It is too absurd!" she said, with one of those outbursts of mirth which contrasted so delightfully with the habitual queenly languor of her manner, when they had been pacing up and down for a few minutes in solemn silence. "Why do you look so serious?"

"I suppose," he replied, with native simplicity and undiminished gravity, "because I am trying to take it in—trying to realize that I am here with you—that I can see you, hear you, feel your hand on my arm, smell the old jasmine perfume escape from your dress just as it used to do in old days; and for anything I know, such an hour may never come over again!"

Her answer was a pitying pressure of the hand that rested on his arm. Shortly afterwards they returned to the box, where Gilbard remained installed for the rest of the evening. When the opera was over, he saw the ladies to their carriage.

"Good-night, and thank you," was all he said to Catherine, as he handed her into the brougham; and his look and his touch and his tone did all indeed convey a sense of most profound heart's thanks.

Then he lit a cigar and walked away through the crowd streaming out of the opera-house, only to get entangled in another stream discharging and dispersing itself from a neighboring theatre. As he walked across the road, absent-mindedly recalling the touch of her hand in his, the tones of her voice, the likeness of her face, he heard a man's voice shout at him with a French execration. He started back to see a lighted phaeton which, drawn by two high-stepping horses, was coming on at a rapid pace, and would infallibly have run him down but for the driver's warning shout and restraining hand. The horses, for an instant checked, resumed their speed, and the carriage flashed by.

"We all but ran him down, did we not?" remarked the other occupant of the phaeton. She was a lady sumptuously dressed and alight with diamonds. She spoke in tones of uttermost nonchalance, as if for her part she did not care a hand's turn whether he were run over or not. But her companion looked dark and struck the horses sharply.

"If I had known him," he thought to himself, "I might have been less careful!" for the light flashing on Gilbard's face had shown him who it was, though Horace had been too suddenly startled to recognize the driver of the phaeton which dashed past so swiftly.

D'Aurelles drew up in front of a small house, situated in one of the most expensive quarters of London. He tossed the reins to a man-servant, and helped Violet Lyndale out. The name of the beautiful young actress was at that time ever on men's tongues. Entering the house, they turned into a splendidly-furnished apartment, where a table stood spread with shining silver and spotless damask. Violet Lyndale drew off her gloves and threw her hat aside.

"What are you thinking of," she asked, glancing at Albert d'Aurelles, "that you look so cross?"

"Of a lost chance," he answered, scowling.

"Of the man you did not run over?"

"You have discovered it with your usual penetration."

"A rival?"

"Yes, an old one."

"I shouldn't mind, were I you, about an old one. But come, make yourself agreeable. I want lobster salad, and champagne, and some one to say pretty things to me!"

"And you shall have all three, my beautiful darling!" he answered, kneeling down and pressing his lips against her fair firm throat.

"That is better," she answered, a well-pleased light in her eyes. "You see I have your diamonds in my ears and in my hair?"

"You have looked your loveliest to-day," he answered.

"Do you think all the men at your dinner were in love with me?"

"Of course they were! How could they help it?"

"I'm always amused to have boys in love with me," she went on, adding with a touch of childish delight in her voice; "they do look so foolish, don't they?"

Albert assented, and still kneeling at her feet, his hands toyed with the lace and jewels at her throat, asked her if she had enjoyed the drive to Richmond and back, the dinner, the company, the view on the river? To which she replied that she had indeed enjoyed it all. And let it be said of Violet Lyndale, that whatever was to come, at that time she enjoyed life as keenly as a child. She meant no harm to any one—only she had no idea that there was such a thing as what is called moral responsibility in the world.

Poor butterfly, flashing its bright wings in the Summer sunshine! It hath but a day to live, and shall not that day be sweet? Shall we grudge it the sunshine and the flowers?

"Do you think you ever loved any one?" he asked, later on, when he had drunk champagne to his heart's content and lighted his cigarette.

"Yes," she answered, "I think I love you! It is a fine thing to have a poet for my lover! And you will write a book of poems to me, won't you? Of course it will be dedicated to me," she went on, with intense business-like earnestness; "and there will be a portrait of me at the beginning? Let me see, which would be the best dress to be taken in? Which do you really think I look prettiest in?"

She looked so lovely in all, that he could scarcely make up his mind. Then she wanted to know how long he would be writing the book, and almost cried with vexation when he told her that he had no idea, and that to do her justice, something called inspiration was needed, "which," unlike your actress's tears," he said, "is not always laid on! Some days I write a good deal, some days a little, some days nothing at all."

"Would he promise to have the book ready by the Autumn?"

No, he would not, but he would promise to take her to the Derby.

And Catherine lay awake and knew not the ways of her truant lord.

## CHAPTER V.

A HAPPY, yet rather an anxious man, was Albert d'Aurelles in those days. Thanks to his wife, he was in good circumstances. He was even then fond of her; indeed, had scarcely ceased to be in love with her, though he was making love to another woman, and taking his wife's money (which Catherine trusted largely to his management) wherewith to buy costly presents for Miss Lyndale. Yet, whatever he became in later days, at that time the man's worst faults sprang from the imperative need that his nature had for excitement. The woman who had held his fancy longest, of whom indeed he often thought even now, between his wife and his mistress, was his latest love in France—a resolute, desperately passionate woman—a woman totally unlike any other that he had ever seen. But she grew jealous of him, and that angered his pleasure-loving nature, so that bitter words were uttered on both sides. It was after his last parting from her, while still keeping up a correspondence with her, that he came to England and met Catherine.

Still often at night he dreamed of Delphine; her intense warm brown eyes, with sometimes a piteous look of appeal in their depths—such a look of heartbreaking wistfulness as we see often in the eyes of a suffering dumb thing—would haunt him, and he would hear again the urgent music of the swift sweet voice; would see the tall, serpentine figure swaying towards him with its incomparable grace. Let us rejoice, and let our women-kind rejoice with us, that there are no glass doors let into our hearts, through which, when we are dreaming, they can come and peep!

These were, as I was saying, happy times to D'Aurelles, because of his new riches and because of the excitement of a perfectly new love. He was a poet, and he had been married four months, and for three out of those four he had scarcely seen another woman besides his wife. Yet they were anxious days, too, because he wished to avoid detection, not at all to prevent pain to Catherine—he was much too selfish ever to think of that!—but because he had a wholesome horror of "scenes." Yet he was determined to see as much of his new love as he could. Then he was somewhat troubled about money matters. Large as was the balance at the banker's, over which he had control, it could not for very long endure the inroads which were being made upon it to gratify Miss Lyndale's taste.

It was very well to have a poet for a lover, but had his hands been empty it would scarcely have been so well. Many of the gifts were as yet unpaid for. He must in time make some excuse, and induce his wife to sell out some of her capital. It would be a bore to be poorer by so many hundreds, and it would make a scene, and that would be horrible. Still it was the only thing to be done, and would have to be done some day, and the next time he went in search of fresh quarry, he must not fly so high!

He had never before had money at his command, and he spent it as an extravagant boy might. Meanwhile through all his thoughts there ran an unworthy suspicion of the wife for whom he still cared in a way (in whom he felt the proud and absolute sense of proprietorship which was not to be experienced in the case of Miss Lyndale) and of the man whom he had supplanted.

"She had cared for him once; might not his turn come again? As for Gilbard, he knew how he himself in Gilbard's place should have behaved."

So while he pursued his pleasure with the fair actress, and purchased her gifts with his wife's money, he treated that wife as if she were half a criminal. On the nights when she went into society without him, he always demanded on her return a rigorous account of the evening, a list of the people she had seen. On those occasions when she had to report the name of Horace Gilbard, it meant her having to endure a succession of small spites from Albert for days after. Most very sensual men are also very cruel, and verily D'Aurelles was no exception to the rule. He took an exquisite delight in punishing; and though it was no fault of Catherine's that she sometimes met Gilbard in society, it pleased him to punish her all the same as if it had been.

But still the woman remained infatuated, for he had his moods of tenderness, and he had studied women and the art of love, and then, too, women often love best the men who treat them worst.

One afternoon she asked him if he would take her to the Derby. He replied shortly that he would not; that it was a disreputable English institution, to which he would neither take nor let his wife go. He was in a bad temper that afternoon, for he had been to call on Violet, and had found a man there whom he could not outstay, as he had a dinner-party at his own house, and he had to get back in time to dress. Catherine colored a little at his refusal, but she said nothing.

The Derby day of that year, for a wonder, was a fine day. The night previous to it Albert had not returned to his house; his wife believed, as he had often told her, that he had chambers where he sometimes found it more convenient to pass the night. At about ten o'clock in the morning, a break, with its complement of gayly-dressed women and men, with flowers in their button-holes, drew up in front of Madame d'Aurelles's door, and in a minute more Catherine descended the steps, looking very beautiful, with a curious smile about her lips.

"You're quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Gray, a pretty, little languid society-woman. "I broke my husband, just as you will break yours!"

Mr. Gray, of course, was not of the party. Ill-natured people said that Mr. Gray had been broken to such good purpose that he saw much more of other ladies than of Mrs. Gray.

One fine Derby day is just like another. How well we know the road—the stream of wagnettes and carriages, out of which fair women seem to bloom like human flowers; the omnibuses; the horse and trap; the humble donkey-cart; the crowd of pedestrians all swarming the same way; the brass band; the separate musical instruments, trying to do business on their own account; the good-natured chaff between those riding and those on foot; the smell of good cigars and bad. Ah, me! how well we know it all! The favorite for the great Spring race; and very much in favor, too, was a horse called "Firefly"—"Sea Bird" and "Pretty Boy" being good second and third. The women, of course, made books with the men, who allowed them to hedge in the most obliging fashion.

They were nearing Epsom, when a phaeton, drawn by two high-stepping horses, passed them. Catherine started, turned pale, and closed her lips tightly, as if to prevent herself from calling out, for she recognized in the driver of the phaeton her husband, beside whom sat a woman, whose striking features were at that time, through the shop-windows, familiar to every one. Those of the party who knew D'Aurelles wisely said nothing. Others, less well-informed, seeing how pale Catherine turned, were prompt with sympathy and smelling-bottles. Two young men grown wise before their time, looked at one another significantly. They had predicted something of the kind, when they had heard of Madame d'Aurelles scheme for asserting her wisely independence.

"Felt sure he would take Violet"—for the matter was town-talk.

Catherine was a proud woman; she recovered herself quickly, and made fresh bets, and became unusually animated; her eyes glowed, and there was a very becoming flush upon her cheek.

D'Aurelles, also, had seen his wife, though he did not appear to recognize her; only his companion noticed his quick glance at the break and his suddenly turning his gaze on his horses.

"You have seen some woman there," she said, "whom you do not want to recognize?"

"Right, as usual," he answered, calmly, lighting a cigarette. "No less a woman than my wife."

"You are married, then?"

"Most surely I am."

"And you did not tell me?"

"I did not. There were surely pleasanter topics of conversation than my marriage."

"True," she answered, with a laugh; "it was not a matter of thrilling interest! You don't think 'Copperplate' will win, do you? I was talking to a man yesterday who said he did not feel at all sure that he would not; and if he does, oh! the gloves I shall lose!"

"I shall lose more than gloves in that case," replied her companion, trying to appear unconcerned, but not getting on very successfully with the endeavor.

An hour afterwards the race had been decided, against everybody's expectation, with the exception of a fortunate few, whom a special providence must have had in charge. The despised "Copperplate," scarcely expected to make a bad fourth, had won!

The event meant ruin to many people, and amongst them Albert d'Aurelles. As a rule, he was not an incautious man in such ventures as these; but now debts were gathering all about him, debts which his wife's money must meet, unless by some brilliant stroke of good fortune he could procure aid in some other way. Of course, to sow such a crop as would yield him the desired harvest, he had to give tremendous odds; but it seemed to him impossible that this horse, out of all the other horses, most of whom seemed so infinitely superior in all points, should win! Of course, there was a risk—how slight it was, though! What a blessing it would be to feel himself a free man once more—to avoid that scene which he knew must come when his wife began to suspect, as she inevitably would, how and where his money had gone! The horror of such a scene grew doubly strong when he saw that Catherine recognized him and the woman in whose company he was.

When it was known that "Copperplate" had won the race, he turned so pale that Violet thought he was going to faint. But he did not. He drank off some champagne, and rolled up and lighted a cigarette.

"Have you lost very much?" she asked, not without a touch of genuine trouble in her voice.

"Everything—that is how much," he answered; "but if you don't mind, we'll get out of this, and drive back."



The actress assented, and they made their way out of the crowd, and drove away in the direction of London. Again they passed quite close to the break wherein Catherine sat, and she could not help noticing the dreadful change which had come over her husband's face. Much as she thought she scorned him just then, she almost pitied him, too! Since that encounter between the two vehicles, a sort of cloud had fallen over Madame d'Aurelles and her party which no amount of false and forced gaiety could dispel.

(To be continued.)

#### THE MANITOBA RAILROAD BRIDGE AT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

THE rapid and symmetrical growth of Minneapolis, the metropolis of Minnesota, is a wonder, even in the Northwest, where cities, Minerva-like, are born full-grown and in armor. Minneapolis is but twenty-five years old. Its population, which has more than doubled during the past three years, is to-day 120,000, and the city is probably growing more rapidly than any other in the United States. Its nineteen lumber mills cut annually 300,000,000 feet of lumber. Its flouring mills are among the largest in the world. It has twelve railroads, and, in the Falls of St. Anthony in the Mississippi River, the greatest water-power utilized in the United States. It is the seat of the State University, has a fine public school system, and its business blocks, churches, hotels and private places of residence are comparable to those of New York and Chicago. These are a few of the facts and figures in which Minneapolis naturally takes pride.

The new stone bridge across the Mississippi, built by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad Company, and recently opened for traffic, is a notable engineering achievement, and one of the most striking sights of Minneapolis. All of the dozen railroads entering the city pass over this magnificent viaduct. It crosses the river diagonally, with its upper end terminating in the very heart of the milling district of Minneapolis, and from its elevation commanding a view of the Falls of St. Anthony and the rapids below them, together with the Government dyke, which prevents the erosion of the Falls and diminution of the water-power. The viaduct is 2,300 feet in length, consists of sixteen spans of eighty feet each, four spans of 100 feet each, and three spans of forty feet each, and its bed is sixty-five feet above water level. Its total height is eighty-two feet, and its surface has a width of twenty-eight feet, intended to accommodate two parallel railway tracks. The piers are of granite, and their foundations are the native rock twenty feet below the surface. The remainder of the work is of magnesian limestone from quarries at Kasota, and the blue limestone taken from the local quarries. The bridge was begun early in 1882, and was built after plans by Colonel Smith, the chief engineer of the Manitoba road, at a cost of about \$650,000. Our illustration shows the entire bridge, with the river, the Falls of St. Anthony and the Suspension Bridge above, and the mills on either side. It also comprehends a bird's-eye view of the City of Minneapolis. The new Union Depot, with extensive baggage-rooms and train-sheds adjoining, is situated near the western end of the suspension bridge, and at the terminus of the viaduct.

#### SEÑOR DON MATIOS ROMERO.

SEÑOR ROMERO, who so ably represents our sister Republic of Mexico at Washington, was born in the State of Oaxaca, July 24th, 1837. He received his primary education in a seminary in Oaxaca, and from there went to the City of Mexico and became a student in law. He graduated in 1855, when only twenty years of age, and was admitted to the Bar, although Mexican law required that he should have arrived at the age of twenty-one.

At an early age he entered public life, and was private secretary to Juarez when the latter was Minister of the Interior. President Comonfort made him Assistant Secretary of State in 1858. When Señor Mata was Minister to the United States, Señor Romero was Secretary of Legation. Upon the return of Minister Mata, Romero became Chargé d'Affaires in 1860, and remained until October 1863, when he went to San Luis Potosí, and demanded service in opposing the French and Maximilian. When General Doblado formed a new Cabinet at San Luis Potosí, he appointed Señor Romero Minister to Washington. After remaining there for some years, he was recalled to Mexico, and made a Cabinet Minister, which he held for some few years, when, a change taking place, he was again appointed Minister to the United States, a position which he now fills acceptably to both Governments and with honor to himself. He is quite popular in diplomatic circles, and although not by continuous appointment Dean of the Corps Diplomatique, he is in point of sense the ablest Minister at the Capital.

#### PATTI AND HER BELONGINGS.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the Philadelphia Record chats about the favorite *prima donna* as follows: "Patti makes a great deal of money, and she spends a great deal. At the rate she lives it must cost her something like a hundred thousand dollars a year. She has a retinue of people and a large suite of apartments at the Windsor Hotel—private table, of course—and her own *chef*, whom she brings with her. Then she has a castle in Wales to keep up, and that is an enormous tax upon her income. Even when she does not live there she has ten or a dozen people taking care of the house, and as many more on the place. The castle itself is as large as a small hotel. It has forty-five furnished rooms, besides other rooms that are not furnished. It is a whim of Patti to keep up this place, and she has enough money to indulge herself in expensive whims. Besides the money that Patti earns she has \$200,000 that can never be touched; at least, the principal cannot be touched; she has the use of the income, of course. But this she does not lay much stress upon. The income of \$200,000 is a small item to a person who makes as much money as she does. Christine Nilsson is really wealthier than Patti, because she has more laid up, and better invested than is Patti's money. The castle in Wales, which represents a little fortune, is an expense rather than an income. All the money that Christine Nilsson has in real estate brings her in a good round interest. Then Nilsson is thrifty. She spends very little money compared to Patti. It is

difficult to say which is the wiser—the one who spends as she goes, or the one who lays up her money. Patti will always have that \$200,000 to fall back on, so she saves very little of her earnings. There is no one to come after her except Nicolini's children, and to those she is very liberal now."

#### CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL LIFE.

AN English paper gives some of the curiosities of medical life. One doctor lunches every day at a castle where the household is very large, and his chances for a patient excellent. He meets some of the best company in England, and charges a guinea for each attendance. A very wealthy man near a large city cannot bear to be alone at night, so an eminent city physician gets \$5,000 a year for lodging in the house. One young doctor has \$2,000 a year for looking after the health of an old lady. She has to be inspected three times a day, but is "as strong as a horse," and so perverse that he has great trouble with her.

#### QUEEN VICTORIA'S SERVICE OF PLATE.

NO LIVING monarch, European or Asiatic, not even the Czar of all the Russias, can boast of such a service of plate as that owned by Queen Victoria, to whose guests at Windsor Castle it is often exhibited, on huge buffets on either end of the banquet table in St. George's Hall—vases, plateaux, cups and candelabra, all wrought in the precious metal, the net value of which exceeds £2,000,000 sterling. Conspicuous among the trophies are the mimic "lyre-bird" and tiger's head taken from Tippoo Sahib eighty odd years ago, and presented to her Majesty's grandfather, King George III. The lyre-bird's body and tail are composed of solid gold, richly studded with brilliants, rubies, emeralds and pearls. As he stands in all his jeweled pride, one of the costliest follies ever devised to gratify the whim of a lavish Oriental potentate, he represents a perpetual income of £1,500 a year, calculated at 5 per cent. upon his intrinsic worth. The tiger's head once served Hyde Ali's masterful son as a footstool. It is a life-size model, fashioned in solid silver, richly gilt, its tusks of rock crystal, and its tongue of pure gold.

#### WHERE THE POSTAL SERVICE COSTS.

THE report of the Postmaster General shows that during the fiscal year of 1883-4 the receipts from all sources exceeded the expenditures in only ten States. Four of these are in New England, viz.: New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the latter paying the largest profit, \$916,906. The next highest is Pennsylvania with \$560,677, and the fourth New York with \$231,695. New Jersey and Delaware also pay a profit, so that all the States but three in the New England and Middle States pay a profit. In addition to these Illinois pays the third highest profit, \$347,400, and Michigan a slight advance above cost. In Ohio, the most thickly populated of the Western States, the cost was \$845,404 more than the receipts. Nebraska comes next with \$596,411, followed by Missouri with \$480,383, Texas with \$431,334, Louisiana with \$417,188, and Virginia with \$408,972. The net cost in the Territories is not nearly so great as is generally supposed. Utah leading with \$180,936, and Dakota with \$39,007, showing the smallest deficit.

#### THE RAILWAYS IN EUROPE.

THE total length of European railways at the end of 1883, was 113,577 miles, against 110,678 miles at the close of 1882, which shows an increase during the past year of 2,859 miles. The length of the railways of the various countries at the beginning of this year was as follows, in kilometres and miles:

|                                    | Kilometres. | Miles.     |
|------------------------------------|-------------|------------|
| Germany.....                       | 36,807      | 22,262.34  |
| Great Britain and Ireland.....     | 30,179      | 18,710.38  |
| France.....                        | 29,088      | 18,400.56  |
| Russia.....                        | 25,111      | 15,598.32  |
| Austria.....                       | 20,850      | 12,927.00  |
| Italy.....                         | 9,453       | 5,860.86   |
| Spain.....                         | 8,251       | 5,116.62   |
| Sweden and Norway.....             | 7,978       | 4,946.36   |
| Belgium.....                       | 4,269       | 2,646.78   |
| Switzerland.....                   | 2,752       | 1,706.24   |
| Holland and Luxemburg.....         | 2,523       | 1,564.36   |
| Denmark.....                       | 1,800       | 1,116.00   |
| Roumania.....                      | 1,517       | 940.54     |
| Portugal.....                      | 1,494       | 926.28     |
| Turkey, Bulgaria and Roumelia..... | 1,394       | 864.28     |
| Greece.....                        | 22          | 13.64      |
|                                    | 183,188     | 113,576.56 |

There were in the United States 120,552 miles of railroad according to the last edition of "Poor's Manual."

#### "A NEW WORD NEEDED."

"NORTH MIDDLETON, KY., December 10th, 1884.

"EDITOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

"Sir—In the last number of your paper I see an article on 'That Common Gender Pronoun,' which I read with interest, and I hope you will allow me to express my views upon that subject through your excellent paper. I must disagree with the writer of the above mentioned article in regard to the use of the word 'thou' which he suggests. The word seems harsh to my ear, and will not readily blend in euphony with some of the mutes of our alphabet; and that it has no inflection renders it more objectionable. We do want a flexible word that will show by its form its number and case. If we do not need an inflected pronoun, the plural 'they' could be used for 'thou' in singular number. I think the 'le, li, lli' suggested in *The Current* is by far preferable to 'thou.' I have for the past three years been using and teaching my students to use 'se, sis, sin,' to represent person in such constructions as, 'The person that told me said that *se* saw it *sinself*,' or 'One thinks that *se* has a right to express *sis* opinions.' This word can also be used in a reflexive sense to rid our language of one of its most awkward ambiguities. Thus, 'John told James that this was the man he had seen before' is ambiguous, but when we should say, 'John told James that this was the man that *se* had seen before' the ambiguity is relieved, the 'se' referring to John, as it would in Latin. Another plea for this word is the prevalence of the Latin language among the educated class, who would readily understand and appreciate this Anglicized word in its new relations. Let us keep the ball rolling. Our language imperatively demands that this long felt want be supplied. It is the duty of lexicographers and grammarians to supply it. Respectfully, C. M. ARNOLD."

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Germans now make from paper pulp the most delicate wheels for watches.

A VERY thin coating of glycerine will prevent frost or steam gathering on a window-pane.

THE light of an electric lamp travels at the rate of 187,200 miles a second; that of the sun 186,500, and that of a petroleum lamp 186,700.

TWO CASES of the successful joining of divided nerves have been reported to the Paris Academy of Sciences, function being restored in one case to a nerve which had been divided for fifteen years.

TELEPHONIC service between Brussels and Antwerp was opened on October 20th, the wires being used both for telegraphing and telephoning. The Belgian Government intends establishing telephonic connection between Brussels and Liège, Verviers, Mons, Ghent, Charleroi and Louvain.

NOW THAT the cold weather is approaching, or with us, it ought to be remembered that a covering of felt nicely put on pipes prevents the water from freezing in them, and all the train of evil consequences which frozen water-pipes entail, unless the cold is unusually severe or the spell of frost unusually protracted.

M. DELAURIER has invented an electric lamp having for its essential feature a hammer which carries one of the carbons and receives a rapid reciprocating motion from a coil through which an intermittent current passes. Sparks caused by the alternate contact and separation of the carbons produce the effect of a continuous light.

THE French Government are having constructed abroad large and costly special machine tools to aid in the construction of light-armored swift cruisers. One of these appliances is a shearing apparatus for cutting up steel plates one inch in thickness. The total weight of the machine and the engine to operate it (combined) is about thirty-five tons.

M. A. HAMON says that lead pipes ought to be entirely disused as conductors of drinking water. The water takes up particles of lead, not only by the mechanical action of friction, but, by affinity of some of its constituents, attacks the metal itself, and lead carbonate results. These minute particles of lead introduced into the system cause anemia, and consequently defective nutrition.

ON the eastern coast of Schleswig the experiments to establish oyster-beds are being actively pursued, under the direction of Professor Möbius, who is an authority on the subject. Quantities of young American and Canadian oysters have been taken over, and are being "sown out" during favorable weather. The experiments made last year have, so far, not been attended with satisfactory results.

NEWS from Japan states that Professor Milne, of Tokio University, is about to establish a subterranean observatory at Jachashima, a very deep coal-mine not far from Nagasaki. The object of this observatory is to determine what connection exists between the earthquake phenomena and meteorological phenomena belonging to the earth's surface, such as storms, barometrical pressure, tides, tidal waves, etc.

MR. STORK, the Director of Swedish Railroad Telegraphs, has invented an electric apparatus for preventing collisions. The little instrument is attached to the edge of the rails at certain places and connected to the station by means of a telegraph wire, which is united at the station with a dial, over the face of which a needle moves. When a train passes the spot where the instrument is set an electric current is opened, and the needle shows the spot where the train happens to be at that moment.

IT is said that the Bell Telephone Company, now that its legal rights have been established, will rapidly increase the scope of its operations. It has reserved to itself, under all its contracts with sub-companies, the long distance telephone field, and will now begin operations in this line and pursue them as far as they prove profitable. Its first undertaking in long distance telephone talking will be between New York and Philadelphia, between which cities the company will have private lines to lease next July.

A NEW boulevard pavement of prepared gum-wood is undergoing a trial in St. Louis. After the roadbed is dug out and rolled, a layer of concrete is put down and coated with sand. This is glazed with coal-tar, on which five-inch gum-wood blocks are set upright, with an ordinary lath between the rows at the bottom to separate them. This space is filled part way up with coal-tar, and the remainder with sand and gravel, which is rammed in compactly. This pavement is firm, elastic and comparatively noiseless, but costly.

TWO prehistoric tombs were recently opened near the villages of Ladtorf and Gröna near Bernburg, Germany, under the direction of Professor Virchow. Three skeletons, an urn, a comb, a bronze ring, a flint knife, and half a horseshoe were found. The excavations have now been continued under Dr. Fischer's direction, and more objects brought to light; among others, curious necklaces made of the teeth of bears, wolves and foxes. The age of the tombs is said to be over 3,000 years. The objects found will be preserved in the museum of the Bernburg Antiquarian Society.

IN the United States Circuit Court, New York city, Judge Wallace has just decided the great suit of the Bell Telephone Company against the People's Telephone Company, representing the interests of Daniel Drawbaugh. The decision probably marks the turning point in a long contest. A few years ago it became known that one Daniel Drawbaugh claimed to have been the original inventor of the telephone. Capitalists became convinced that he had a good case, and they undertook to establish upon the basis of his alleged invention a telephonic system that should rival the system of Bell and his associates, who then held the entire field without opposition. The Drawbaugh rights were sold to several companies, who divided the United States into districts. Scores of the most prominent business and professional men of the country became directors of these companies. Governors of States, members of Congress, and millionaires controlled these organizations and believed that they were to divide with the Bell Company the profits of telephoning. But the Bell Company procured an injunction, and after a long and costly trial this injunction has been made permanent by Judge Wallace. The rights involved in the suit are valued at millions of dollars; some persons placing the value at \$100,000,000. The People's Company will appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. BLAINE has ordered the dismissal of his libel suit against the Indianapolis *Sentinel*.

A STRONG opposition is organizing in Paris to the re-election of M. Grévy as President of France.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR last week nominated ex-Congressman B. Platt Carpenter, of New York, to be Governor of Montana.

AN admirer of Mr. Spurgeon has given him a carriage which has shelves for books, an array of cigar trays, and a handsome looking-glass. Mr. Spurgeon writes more vigorously than ever against the heresy of considering the use of tobacco sinful.

WHEN Mark Twain appeared before his Buffalo audience the other evening, he scanned them carefully. He then said that he missed many faces that he knew well fourteen or fifteen years ago. "They have gone," he added, sadly, "gone to the tomb, to the gallows, or to the White House."

ARABI BEY and his fellow exiles in Ceylon complain of ill-treatment. They pleaded guilty on the distinct understanding that if their property was confiscated they would receive an adequate allowance to support themselves and their families in exile. Two Governors of Ceylon have successively declared that their allowance is not adequate. But the Egyptian Government refuses to increase it.

MR. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT recently visited the Moravian Cemetery at New Dorp, S. I., and made new plans towards the building of the new family mausoleum. Quarrymen are now at work cutting the huge pieces for this great sepulchre. Most of the stone will come from New Hampshire and Rhode Island quarries. Extensive portions are now ready for shipment in France and Italy. Other pieces will come from Palestine.

W. W. BROOKS, a life-long Democrat, died at Geneva, in Pennsylvania, soon after the nominations of Blaine and Cleveland. His will was found to contain the curious provision that when a Democratic President was elected, if ever, a hickory pole should be erected over his grave and that a United States flag be fastened on top of the pole, and that the pole should remain standing over his grave until it fell of its own accord.

HENRY LABOUCHERE, the member of Parliament for Northampton, and editor of the clever, audacious paper, *Truth*, is not unlike James G. Blaine in appearance. He is about the same height and build, wears his beard, and is somewhat slow in his movements. What with a seat in Parliament, a share in the *Daily News*, a paper of his own, a bank, a house in town, a classic home on the Thames, a clever wife, of whom he is really fond, and a baby that is to him a constant surprise, he finds his time well occupied.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR ordinarily sees his callers in the White House library. When he is talking with his general visitors he stands up. When he is receiving special callers he sits behind a small writing-desk and, wheeling on his revolving-chair, talks to the visitor, who is seated in a chair upon the left. One of these visitors writes of such a call: "I have never seen the President look so well physically. His color is good. His complexion is clear. His flesh looks solid and has lost that flabby look of a year ago, when he was in such poor health. He was dressed in a snug-fitting business suit, a dark mixed goods. A red rosebud was in the light, narrow lapel of his four-button cutaway coat."

THE late Reuben R. Springer, of Cincinnati, bequeathed nearly \$1,500,000 to educational, religious and charitable objects. His principal bequests are to St. Mary's Seminary of the West, for the education of Roman Catholic priests, \$100,000; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, \$35,000; Good Samaritan Hospital, \$30,000; the Franciscan Brothers, \$35,000; the Sisters of Charity of Cedar Grove, for the Foundling Asylum, \$20,000; in support of the Cathedral Schools, \$40,000; for home missionary work in perpetuity, \$1,000 a year; to the Sisters of Mercy, \$5,000; to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, \$35,000; to St. Peter's Benevolent Society, \$50,000; to the Little Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, \$20,000.

THE New York *Sun* thus dagnereotypes the candidates for the United States Senatorship from this State: "Mr. Chairman Warren would bring into the Senate the freshest knowledge of campaign management; the Hon. Leslie W. Russell, the handsomest figure; Frank Hiscok, the most polished intimacy with parliamentary law; Channery Dewey, the largest fund of humor and the most violent opposition to the Thurman Bill; Levi P. Morton, the greatest amount of business shrewdness and material devotion to the Republican Party; our own Evarts, the most tortuous eloquence, and General Arthur, the most level head. Roscoe Conkling wouldn't bring anything, because he won't come."

A PARIS letter states that Miss Eva Mackay is really and truly engaged to be married. Prince Colonna, the bridegroom-elect, is a fine-looking young man, just twenty-seven years of age, and is evidently very much in love with his fair and youthful betrothed. Miss Mackay, who is five years his junior, is a most charming girl, a slender and graceful brunette, petite in form and of singularly winning manners. She is highly accomplished, speaking French, Italian and Spanish to perfection, and she possesses, moreover, a very high degree of musical talent. As an amateur vocalist she is unsurpassed in the musical circles of Paris. Prince Colonna is the heir to the estates of the Naples branch of the family, his uncle, who is now its chief, being childless. The wedding will probably take place after Easter.

IN a recent interview the poet Whittier remarked: "I write little now. For many years I have been bothered with headaches, and lately I find that I am unable to labor for more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. It would be useless," he said, with a smile, "to write without a head. One cannot get along without brains, and yet there are many things I have written, especially in prose, which I never shall republish. They refer more particularly to the anti-slavery agitation. For a long time my position on that question was different from that of Garrison. I recognized that the Constitution legalized slaveholding, and therefore, my efforts were directed against its extension to the Territories, and in behalf of gradual and peaceful emancipation in the South. But when the War burst upon us, I was with Lincoln and Garrison heart and soul. I am proud of the part I played in that controversy, but as Charles Sumner endeavored to obliterate all record of the great conflict from our battle flags, so I desire to bury in the waters of oblivion all the bitter things I said in that strife."





WASHINGTON, D. C.—STATUE OF REAR-ADMIRAL SAMUEL FRANCIS DUPONT, UNVAILED DECEMBER 20TH.

#### DEER-HUNTING IN WYOMING.

OUR picture of a deer-hunting lodge in the Yellowstone region will awaken sensations of envy in many a sportsman's breast. The lodge is a type of many which are found in Wyoming and Montana at certain seasons of the year, and while the spoil of the hunt and chase does not always amount to the very handsome total displayed in our illustration, it is seldom that the hunter altogether fails of his reward. It will not be many years, however, before the Western plains are denuded of game if the present rate of destruction shall be continued.

#### THE DUPONT STATUE UNVAILED.

THE statue erected by Act of Congress in honor of the memory and gallant services rendered to his country by the late Samuel Francis Dupont, Rear Admiral, United States Navy, having been placed in position in "Dupont Circle," at the intersection of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Connecticut Avenues and I Street,

Washington, D. C., was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 20th instant, in the presence of a distinguished company. The statue was executed by Mr. Launt Thompson, and is in every way creditable and lifelike. The figure is in bronze, and of heroic size. The Admiral is represented as standing on his vessel, head uncovered and elevated, intently gazing at some distant object, and holding a pair of marine glasses, as if he had just lowered them from his eyes, an appropriate position for the occasion, time, place and circumstances, and a happy conceit on the part of the sculptor. The statue and pedestal cost \$20,000.

Rear Admiral Dupont was born at Bergen Point, N. J., in 1803. He came from a good French lineage, his grandfather, Peirre Samuel Dupont de Nemours, having been a member of the National Assembly and French Academy. Young Dupont entered the United States Navy in 1815, when only twelve years of age. He was commissioned a lieutenant in 1826, and promoted to be a commander in 1843. He was ordered to the Pacific Coast in 1845 to the command of the frigate *Congress*, and



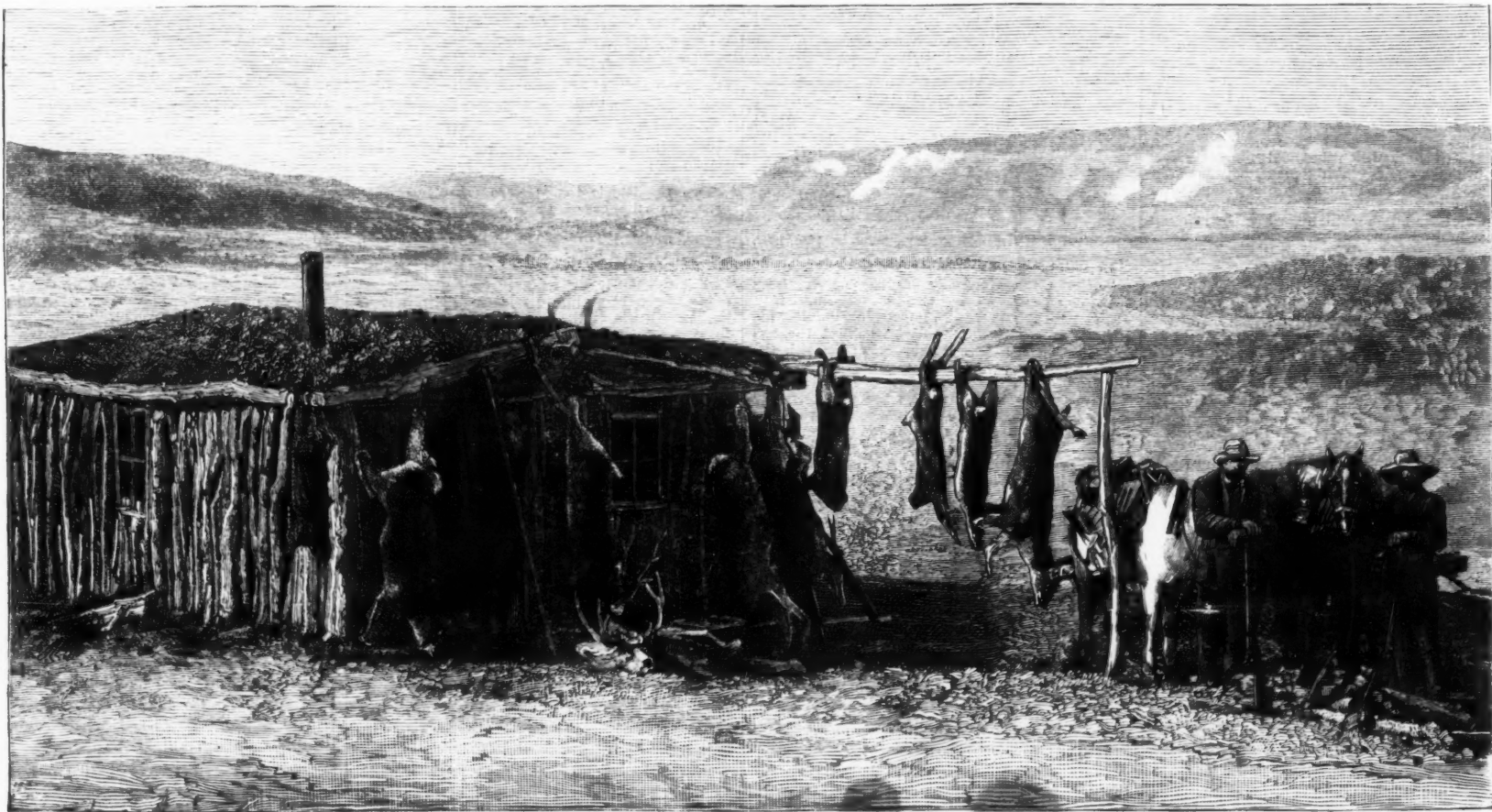
NEW YORK CITY.—ST. JAMES'S P. E. CHURCH, MADISON AVENUE AND SEVENTY-FIRST STREET.—FROM A PHOTO.

arrived at Monterey at the commencement of the Mexican War. He was transferred to the *Cyane*, and performed good service on the coast of California, clearing the Gulf of California of all Mexican vessels, and capturing La Paz. He defended it again in 1847 against a foray of Indians and Mexicans. In 1848, with one hundred marines and sailors, he routed a force of Mexicans five times his own number, and stormed San José. He was promoted to captain in 1856, and sent on special duty in the Chinese waters in 1847 in command of the *Minnesota*. Returning shortly afterward (1859) he was placed in command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard in 1861, where the Civil War found him rendering good service to his country. The same year he was given the command of the South Atlantic Squadron, and sailed with a fleet of fifty sail and captured Port Royal. In 1862 he was created a Rear Admiral, and in 1863 he made an unsuccessful attack on Fort Sumter, which was proof against any attack by water. Shortly afterward he was relieved from active duty. He died in Philadelphia in 1865. In the

Navy Admiral Dupont was highly esteemed by both officers and privates. He was an accomplished officer, possessed undoubted courage, energy, zeal, and his character might well serve as a model in every respect. His education was of a high order, and he had the rare ability to make the best use of the *personnel* and the material under his control.

#### ST. JAMES'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE congregation of the St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church having found their old church building in East Seventy-second St., near Lexington Avenue, too small for their accommodation, a new edifice has been erected at Madison Avenue and Seventy-first Street, which will be formally opened on Christmas Day. The plans not only include a sumptuous house of worship, 130 feet in depth, containing sittings for over 800 persons (with capacity for 1,000), but also a choir-room, library and guild-rooms, tower-room,



WYOMING TERRITORY.—A DEER-HUNTING LODGE NEAR THE YELLOWSTONE PARK. FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.



Sunday-school gallery, besides a large and well-lighted basement. The cost of the new church and site is about \$240,000; and it is believed that so excellent a combination of a house of worship and a parish building under the same roof, so designed that neither shall encroach upon the other, has seldom if ever been attained for such an outlay. The opening services will be especially attractive, Assistant Bishop H. C. Potter and others taking part.



SENOR DON MATIOS ROMERO, MEXICAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY VALLETS & CO.—SEE PAGE 315.

#### A CENTENARIAN ALUMNUS.

OSCAR SWAIN TAYLOR, M. D., of Auburn, N. Y., whose portrait is given on this page became one hundred years old December 17th. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1809, and is, without doubt, the oldest living alumnus of an American college, possibly the oldest living graduate in the world. Dr. Taylor's professional career has been a varied and peculiar one—as physician, editor, preacher and teacher; and great interest centred about the hundredth anniversary of his

birth. The Dartmouth College trustees and alumni, through their committee, delivered to him on that occasion a congratulatory memorial; and the event was further commemorated by his fellow-citizens of Auburn, N. Y., under the auspices of the Clergymen's Association of Cayuga County. Dr. Taylor reached his hundredth year in good general health, is remarkably active for a centenarian, and, save for partial deafness, retains his faculties. At a meeting of the Clergymen's Association in Auburn, November 10th, 1884, he addressed the assembly, *extempore*, upon "The Surroundings and Salaries of the Clergy of the Early Days," and he spoke so as to be heard by all, and with that discrimination, clearness and animation which have characterized all his public addresses.

It is so rare that a professional man becomes a centenarian, that Dr. Taylor's record will long be cited by all students of longevity, especially as his active life was so largely spent as an academy teacher, whose labors are among the most exhaustive of nerve-force in the range of professional work. Dr. Taylor owes his long life to a strong constitution, inherited from his Puritan ancestry, and to his regular and temperate habits. He was born in New Ipswich, N. H., December 17th, 1784, being one of a family of nine children. He labored on a farm till nearly twenty, and thus secured a good physical foundation for a professional career. He himself now gives with precision the dates and incidents of his entire life. He began to prepare for college, August 20th, 1804, and entered Dartmouth College in September of the following year. He taught district schools during every Winter of his college course. In 1813, four years after graduation in "the academic" course, he took his degree of M. D. at the Dartmouth

Medical School. He successfully practiced medicine four and a half years at Dover, N. H., and Belchertown, Mass., where, November 4th, 1816, he married Catherine G. Parsons. He soon became convinced—to quote his own words—that he "could not stand the wear and tear of the medical profession"; so, about 1817, he was appointed a clerk of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. He afterwards was co-editor of *The Panoplist*.

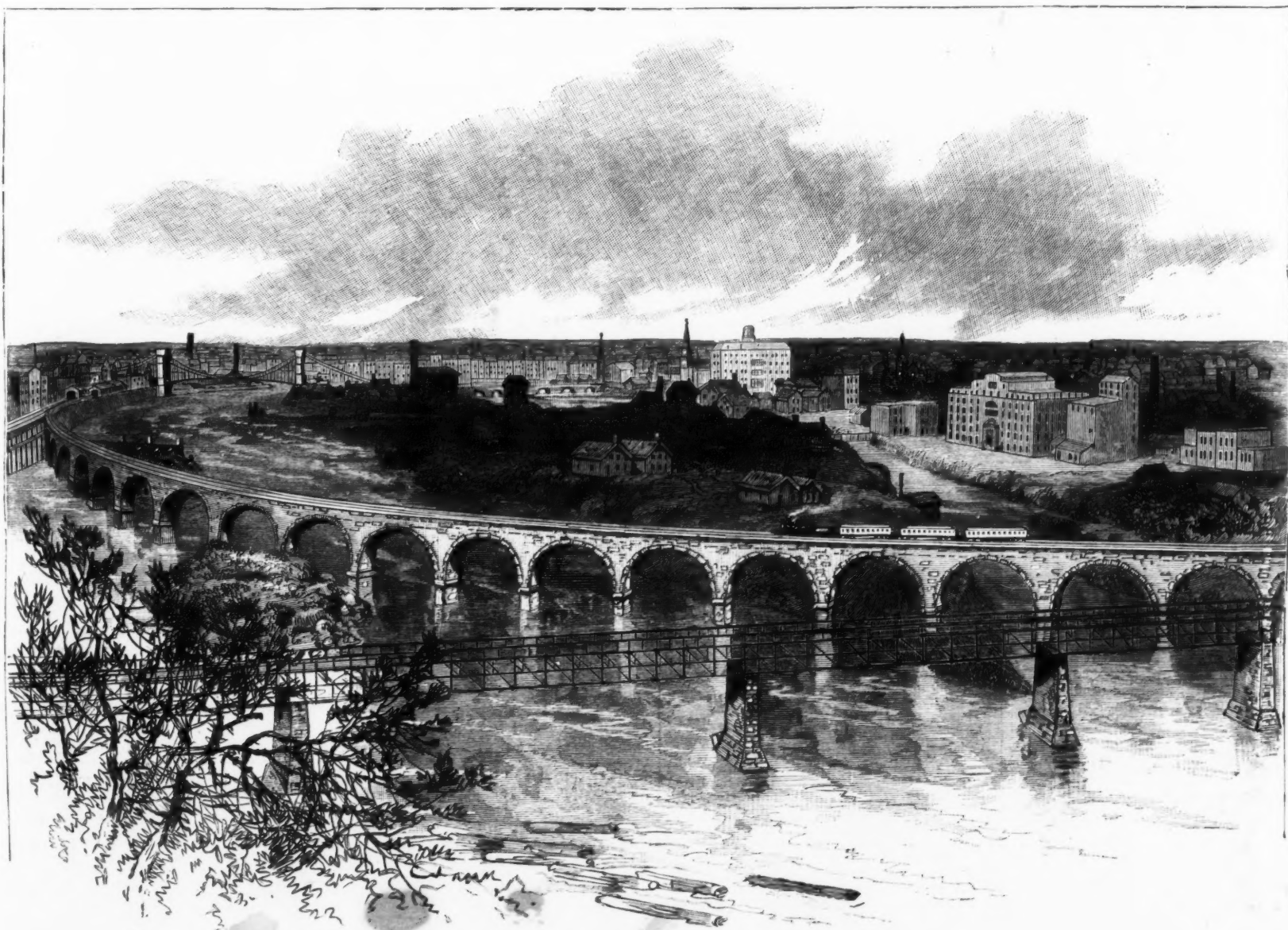
After making trial of these varied professions, he determined to make teaching his life work;



NEW YORK.—OSCAR SWAIN TAYLOR, M.D.—AMERICA'S CENTENNIAL ALUMNUS.  
PHOTO. BY ERNSBERGER.

and Dr. Taylor's name will long be cherished in the history of academics at Hadley, Mass.; in Homer, Skaneateles, Auburn, Prattsburg and Henrietta in New York State; in Somerville, S. C.; Dublin, Ind.; Sylvania, O.; and in Tecumseh and Kalamazoo, Mich. He was an ardent lover of teaching. In religion he was a zealous Presbyterian, and June 17th, 1840, he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Cayuga. He was subsequently ordained in Manro, Mich., December 8th, 1847, but was never installed as pastor, as preaching was with him merely accessory to his chosen labor as an educator of youth. He loves to tell the ministers of these latter days how he wrote all his sermons during evenings and on Saturday afternoons. He left his active work as teacher June 16th, 1849, though he continued to preach occasionally after that. During the past quarter century, he has carefully preserved him-

self, and his has been, in many regards, a typically serene old age. Satisfied with the laurels of his earlier successful life, he has taken his chief delight in the favorite studies of his younger days. He has always been a great reader, and even at one hundred he can, with the aid of glasses, enjoy the papers, but only the religious ones, for he has not allowed himself to read modern literature or the modern daily newspaper. In his century of life he has found time only for a reading of the Bible—which until the last year he has himself read at daily family prayers—and the standard classics, poems and histories. In the latter part of his life, he has lived within a few rods of the Auburn Theological Seminary, and has been a frequenter of the library of that institution. Our illustration represents him as he has sat so much of the time for the past twenty-five years, deeply absorbed in his researches, with his



MINNESOTA.—THE GREAT STONE VIADUCT OF THE MANITOBA RAILWAY COMPANY ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AT MINNEAPOLIS.  
FROM A SKETCH BY T. B. EYRES.—SEE PAGE 315.



hand always at his deaf ear. Soon after the death of his wife in July, 1865, this deafness began. Before that time he was a teacher of Bible classes in two of the Auburn churches, and he taught classes in the Auburn State Prison for seventeen years.

It is especially remarkable that a man of so extremely nervous an organization should become a centenarian. He now warns into intense fervor as he avers that "he has always hated and shunned tobacco as he would the poison of a rattlesnake," and that "white bread and modern pastry kill every year more victims than war, pestilence and famine." He has never used intoxicating liquors except as prescribed by his physician, and his diet has always been scrupulously plain and simple.

Being over four years old when Washington was inaugurated, he has lived under all the Presidents. He has two sons living, Rev. Charles Taylor, M. D., D. D., a presiding elder of the Methodist Church at Covington, Ky., and Mr. Henry Taylor, of Auburn; also one daughter, Mrs. Catherine Keeler, of Auburn, whose rare privilege it has been to tenderly care for a father till he enters upon his hundredth year.

FUN.

A LITTLE TOWN up in New York has a skating rink called the "Niagara." It is supposed they call it that because the people go there to see the "falls."

It is certain that the longer a speech, the weaker it is, but not so with a cold; the longer it runs the worse it becomes. A cold, be it ever so slight, is no trifle; it should be checked in its early stages. Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP is the "Balm of Gilead" that millions say is divine in its origin.

A LITTLE girl who was sent to drive home the cow, fell and was severely scratched and bruised. On returning home she was asked if she cried when she fell. "Why no," she replied; "what would have been the use? There was nobody to hear me."

SPITTING, AND THE MEN WHO SPIT.

THE habit of spitting is a peculiarly American one, and it is growing on the American public. When Charles Dickens first visited this country he said some sarcastic things about it, which gave considerable offence, because they were justly merited. Since then the habit has increased a thousand fold. Why do people spit so much? Is it a mere habit, or is there a valid cause for it? It is at best a very unpleasant and untidy habit. With some the habit is from another cause, which is quite as objectionable, namely, the chewing of tobacco, which demoralizes the salivary apparatus as badly as it defiles pavements and carpets. With that habit, however, we have nothing to do just now, for we are about to refer to a far more deeply-seated cause of the evil practice.

The fact is that a very large proportion of the American people have catarrh. Catarrh is a disease of many forms. Its seat is chiefly in the processes above and in the immediate rear of the nose. The delicate passages lined with an exceedingly sensitive membrane, which is often either lightly or severely inflamed. When inflamed it secretes a peculiar liquid or semi-liquid deposit, which must be got rid of in some way. It must either be absorbed, swallowed, or spit out. The causes which produce it prevent its absorption. To swallow it is to afflict the stomach with that which is not only indigestible, but is also poisonous. To spit it out seems the only way to get rid of it. And so along the street and in public conveyances and in halls, churches, theatres, stores and even elegant private apartments we hear and see the constant hawk, hawk, hawk, spit, spit, spit of thousands of people who would like to be free from the unclean habit, but who cannot, because they have catarrh.

Our editor had occasion recently to hold conversation with a gentleman who was formerly in bondage to this habit by reason of grievous catarrh, but who has of late years been thoroughly emancipated from it. He is a gentleman of culture and education—Mr. Chas. E. Cady, at the head of Cady's Business College, at Fourteenth Street and University Place, New York. In view of his position and the influence he holds over young men his experience is worth quoting.

Mr. Cady's catarrh was of long standing; probably inherited. He remarked to our correspondent that in his early life he had a few hobbies on the health question; such, for instance, as that he should bathe freely in very cold water all winter, and that he should sleep with more cold air in his room than most people consider good for them. As he lived in Ogdensburg, N. Y., he had all the facilities he wanted for making the most of cold air and cold water in wintry weather.

"By the time I was twenty years old," said Mr. Cady, "I had catarrh; deep seated and firmly fixed. It came on so slowly that I scarcely knew it was catarrh. I had to use my handkerchief constantly. I was continually hawking and spitting. The habit grew upon me. It became a great nuisance to myself, as I know it was to other people. There was a constant dripping into my throat. I always had a weak stomach, and this made it weaker. I was not prostrated, nor was I such a dyspeptic that I could not eat my food; but I was in slavery to this horrible catarrh, and I saw no way of escape from it."

"After trying sundry catarrh remedies without advantage, I concluded to make an experiment with Compound Oxygen, for which purpose I consulted Dr. Turner, at the New York office of Drs. Starkey & Pallen. I procured a Home Treatment; in about four weeks great improvement was visible. I continued the treatment for nearly six months at intervals; my catarrh, which had been unusually obstinate, was now at an end. The unpleasant secretions disappeared, and also the pain in my head which had accompanied them. The necessity for hawking and spitting ceased, and I was free from that unpleasant bondage. My stomach grew stronger and my digestion better, and so continue to the present time."

"This was about three years ago. Since then I have had no return of the catarrh, and I have not needed any more Compound Oxygen. I know my cure must be reasonably permanent, for I have taken several slight colds which have passed away without leaving any evil effects. During my catarrhal days such colds would have aggravated my disease to a serious extent, and caused me much annoyance."

"With my catarrh gone and my general health greatly improved, you may quote me as freely as you please as a firm believer in the virtues of Compound Oxygen."

"I wish for the sake of the thousands who are kept by their catarrh constantly hawking and spitting, that all victims of this unpleasant disease could know of Compound Oxygen and make trial of it. I see no reason why it should not do for them what it has so thoroughly done for me."

A "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of diseases, will be sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & Pallen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

"PARIS is in agony about its drinking water," says a foreign exchange. As we do not want to hurt any one's feelings we feel compelled to add that it is not Paris, Ky.

"LITTLE, BUT OH MY."

DR. PIERCE'S "PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS" are scarcely larger than mustard seeds, but they have no equal as a cathartic. In all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels they act like a charm. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, and inclosed in glass vials. Pleasant, safe and sure. By druggists.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, IN SEASICKNESS.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness, during an ocean passage. In most of the cases, the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

HUMPHREY H. MOORE.

Our gifted fellow countryman, Humphrey H. Moore, the artist, has been adding to his laurels in the French capital, and his *atelier* is at once the resort of the foremost in art and the foremost in fashion. Gerome and Rico-Boldini, Madrajo and De Neuville are constant frequenters of the studio, while such high-born dames as the Princess Mathilde and the Duchesse de Valence, take especial pleasure in watching the talented artist as he "dabs" in colors on his canvas such as would delight the soul of Fortuny, of whom Mr. Moore is a prominent disciple. The pictures being painted—for Mr. Crocker, of California, a "View in the Alhambra"; for Mrs. Hunt, of San Francisco, "A Japanese Interior"; and for Sir Sydney Waterlow, of London, the latter named by Gerome, "Poesie,"—are creating quite a *furor* in the swell world of art in Paris.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, IOWA CITY, IA.

"I can indorse it as the best preparation of the kind I ever used. No physician can afford to do without it," says Professor A. C. COWPERTHWAIT, Ph.D., M.D. (Professor of Diseases of Women, etc.), of the LIEBIG CO.'S ARNICA EXTRACT OF WITCH HAZEL. Cures Female Weakness, Periodical Suffering, Leucorrhoea, Exhausting Losses of Blood, and Neuralgia.

An Eastern journalist, who secured a position on a Western daily, only remained one day. In writing the obituary of a prominent citizen, he neglected to refer to the "Grim Monarch, Death." He simply wrote it plain "death," with a lower case "d," without putting on any frills or ruffles, and he was unceremoniously bounced.

NO CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR'S TABLE

SHOULD be without a bottle of ANGSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGEL & SONS.

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists.

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BURNETT'S COCAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world*.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

SOME one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME, Elenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

SOME very beautiful and expensive ceramics are shown this year. Two thousand dollars was paid for a very ordinary looking pitcher last week. We forget the name of the ball club that engaged him.

HOME HAPPINESS.

NO MUSICAL instrument at ten times the cost will give so much pleasure as an Eolian Harp. The price is within the reach of every one—\$2.00. Read advertisement, New York Musical Bureau.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSTON'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

FOR COUGHS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA,

Catarrh, and other diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cts. a box.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

SCROFULA, manifesting itself in blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt-rheum, and other blemishes of the skin, is but too apt by-and-by to infect the delicate tissues of the lungs also, and result in ulceration, thus ending in consumption. DR. PIERCE'S "GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" will meet and vanquish the enemy in its stronghold of the blood and cast it out of the system. All druggists.

DR. HENRY F. DEANE, Dentist, has removed to 137 East Forty-fifth St., Lexington Ave., New York. His specialty is artificial teeth.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPE & CO. Homeopathic Chemists, London England.

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**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Positively Cured by these Little Pills.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00.  
CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.  
Sold by all Druggists.

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AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

Vivid as an electric light; interesting as a novel; filled with newly-found facts and arguments of irresistible force. It treats of the swift strides of the Black race to numerical preponderance in the South, and calls on patriotic men of all sections and parties to compel Congress to assist the Southern States in educating them.

"Demands attention both for the seriousness of the subject, and the surprising, not to say startling, character of the statements presented."—*Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate*.

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OPIUM Habit Cured

A certain and sure cure, without inconvenience, and at home. An antidote that stands purely on its own merits. Send for my Circular (it costs you nothing), containing certificates of hundreds that have been permanently cured. I claim to have discovered and produced the FIRST, ORIGINAL AND ONLY SURE CURE FOR OPIUM-EATING.

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understood. When a cold settles upon  
the lungs, if the blood is tainted with  
Scrofula, or the system is weak, Catarrh  
or Consumption is sure to follow. Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral is the only remedy that  
may be uniformly relied upon for the cure  
of coughs and colds. J. J. Rawson,  
Buckingham C. H., Va., writes: "For  
several weeks I suffered from a frightful  
cold, with cough and frequent

Catarrh prevails in this country to an  
alarming extent. It is a troublesome and  
disgusting disease, usually induced by neg-  
lected colds, and, if allowed to become  
chronic, produces Bronchitis, and often  
terminates in Consumption. Ernest H.  
Darrab, Tollesboro, Ky., writes: "A year  
ago I was afflicted with Catarrh. One  
bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured  
me." Miss Eva A. Hall, Ipswich, Mass.,  
writes: "For any one who is troubled  
with Catarrh, there is nothing so helpful  
as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

### Spitting of Blood.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me entire-  
ly." Mrs. R. Campbell, Woodville, Ont.,  
writes: "I was troubled, for five years,  
with an affection of the throat and lungs,  
coughing severely the whole time. I used  
different preparations, and was treated by  
several physicians, without effect. I final-  
ly tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and be-  
fore finishing one bottle was completely  
cured." Dr. W. K. Gann, Monticello,  
Ky., writes: "I have been troubled with  
Bronchitis, since early youth, and am now  
37 years of age. I owe my life to Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral." Dr. J. H. Quirk, Ful-  
ton, Kans., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pec-  
toral saved my life twenty years ago. It  
is a favorite medicine in my family."

### It Cured Me

of this troublesome complaint, when other  
remedies afforded no relief." Dr. F.  
Schley, Frederickstown, Md., writes: "In  
pulmonary cases, of an acute character, or,  
of catarrhal origin, I find Ayer's Cherry  
Pectoral invaluable." Dr. F. E. Pape,  
Sandusky, Ohio, writes: "I have used  
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice,  
and, in connection with Ayer's Pills, find  
it an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs,  
and the inflammations that follow them  
upon the throat and lungs. We have no  
other remedy which I consider so sure in  
its effects." C. H. Pierce, Moline, Ill.,  
writes: "Catarrh had nearly destroyed  
my sense of taste and smell. Ayer's Cher-  
ry Pectoral effected a complete cure."

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has effected many wonderful cures. Mrs. Mary K. Whitcomb, Hartford, Conn.,  
writes: "Some years ago my mother had an obstinate cough, with severe pains  
in the chest, and several attacks of bleeding from the lungs. She was very much  
reduced in strength, and believed herself about to become a victim of Consumption.  
While in this condition, she was strongly recommended by Rev. Dr. Blanchard, of  
Lowell, Mass., to make a trial of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

She did so, and by its use was restored to perfect health. Since her recovery the  
Pectoral has been her sole dependence for colds, coughs, and all similar troubles,  
which it has never failed to cure."

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